36c
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SELECT EPITAPHS.

COLLECTED BY

W. TOLDERVY.

VOL. II.

Fleres ſi ſcires unam tua tempora menſem,
Rides, cum fuerint forſitan una dies.

Sir THOMAS MORE.

Call round her Tomb each Object of Deſire;
Each purer Frame, inform'd with purer Fire:
Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens Life,
The tender Siſter, Daughter, Friend, and Wife:
Bid her be all that makes Mankind adore;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no móre.

POPE.

LONDON:

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M, DCC, LV.

W. Musgrave.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NIÇVM

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SELECT

SELECT EPITAPHS.

On CATHERINE PEMBRUGE.*

Stop, Traveller!
And learn from me
How vain the Hópes! how tranſient the Joys of Men!
Here lies, alas! here lies my CATHERINE!
The beſt, the moſt excellent of Wives;
So beautiful, ſo chaſte, ſo loving,
That her Superior did not exiſt.
If the Loſs of youthful Perfection,
Both in Body, and Mind,
Be juſt Subjects for Sorrow,
Oh! tell me the end of my Griefs!

WILLIAM PEMBRUGE, Gentleman,
Conſecrated this Marble to the Memory of
His dear Wife, who died June 15, 1690, Aged 24.

[*Glouceſter Cathedral.*]

On Dame REBECCA BERRY.

Here lieth interred the Body
Of Dame REBECCA BERRY,
The Wife of THOMAS ELTON, of *Stratford-Bow*, Gent.
Who departed this Life, April 26, 1692, Aged 52.

Come, Ladies, you that would appear
Like Angels fair, come dreſs you here;
Come dreſs you at this Marble Stone,
And make that humble Grace your own:
Which once adorn'd as fair a Mind
As ever lodg'd in Womankind.
So was ſhe dreſs'd, whoſe humble Life,
Was free from Care, was free from Strife;
Free from all envious Brawls and Jarrs,
Of human Life the civil Wars;
Theſe ne'er diſturb'd her peaceful Mind,
Which ſtill was gentle, ſtill was kind:
Her ev'ry Look, her Garb, her Mein,
Diſclos'd the humble Soul within:
The ſame in low, and high Eſtate,
Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er mov'd with that:
Go, Ladies, now, and if you'd be,
As fair, as great, as good as ſhe,
Go learn of her Humility.

[*St. Dunſtan*'s, *Stepney*.]

On

On MARY, *Lady* DIGBY.

By Dr. Hough, *Biſhop of* Worceſter.

MARY, Relict of KILDARE Lord DIGBY,
Departed this Life, December 23d,
Anno Dom. 1692.

Whom it were unpardonable to lay down in Silence,
And of whom 'tis difficult to ſpeak with Juſtice;
For her juſt Character, will look like Flattery,
And the leaſt abatement of this, is injury to her Memory.
In every Condition of Life, ſhe was a Pattern to her Sex;
Appear'd Miſtreſs of thoſe peculiar Qualities,
That were requiſite to conduct her thro' it with Honour;
And never fail'd to exert them in their proper Seaſons,
With the utmoſt Advantage.
She was Modeſt without Affectation,
Eaſy without Levity, and Reſerved without Pride:
Knew how to ſtoop without Sinking,
And to gain People's Affections without leſſening their Regards.
She was Careful without Anxiety,
Frugal without Parſimony;
Not at all fond of the ſuperfluous Trappings of Greatneſs;
Yet abridg'd herſelf in nothing that her Quality requir'd.
She was a faithful Member of the Church of *England*;
Her Piety was exemplary, her Charity univerſal:
She found herſelf a Widow, in the beginning of her Life,
When the Temptations of Beauty, Honour, Youth,
And Pleaſure,

Were in their full Strength;
Yet ſhe made them all give Way to the Intereſt of her Family,
And betook herſelf entirely to the Matron's Part.
The Education of her Children engroſs'd all her Cares;
No Charge was ſpared in the Cultivation of their Minds,
Nor Pains in the Improvement of their Fortunes.
In a Word,
She was truly Wiſe, truly Honourable, and truly Good:
More can ſcarce be ſaid,
And yet he that ſays this, knew her well;
And is well aſſured, he has ſaid nothing
Which either Veracity, or Modeſty, ſhould oblige him to ſuppreſs.

[*Coleſhill, Warwickſhire.*]

On JOHN LOCKE.

JOHN LOCKE,
Who beſt of all Philoſophers
Underſtood the Power of the human Mind;
The Nature, End, and Bound, of Civil Government.
And with equal Courage, and Sagacity,
Refuted
The ſlaviſh Syſtem of uſurp'd Authority,
Over the Rights, the Conſciences,
Or the Reaſon of Mankind.

[*Stow, Buckinghamſhire.*]

On

On IGNATIUS JONES.

IGNATIUS JONES,
Who, to adorn his Country,
Introduc'd and Rival'd the *Greek* and *Roman*
Architecture.

[*Stow, Buckinghamſhire.*]

On DOROTHY WEAVER.

Here lieth the Body of DOROTHY, one of
The Daughters of LEONARD BENET,
Late of *Shelwicks-Court*, in the County of
Hereford, Gentleman.
Firſt the Wife of Captain THOMAS LEWIS;
And died the Wife of
Captain THOMAS WEAVER.
She was a true Loyaliſt,
An eminent courageous Inſtrument, in
The Preſervation of this City,
Againſt the Rebellious *Scots*,
And a great Sufferer in the late Rebellion
Againſt King CHARLES the Firſt.
She departed this Life, the 6th Day of April,
Anno 1692, in the 84th Year of her Age.

[*Hereford Cathedral.*]

On ANNE SPRAGGE.*

Sacred to Poſterity.
In a Vault, near this Place, lies the Body of
ANNE, the only Daughter of
EDWARD CHAMBERLAYNE, L. L. D.
Born in *London*, Jan. 20th, 1667,
Who,
For a conſiderable Time, declined the matrimonial State;
And, ſcheming many Things
Superior to her Sex and Age,
On the 30th of June, 1690,
And under the Command of her Brother,
With the Arms, and in the Dreſs of a Man,
She approved herſelf a true Virago,
By fighting undaunted in a Fire-Ship againſt the *French*,
Upwards of Six Hours.
She might have given us a Race of Heroes,
Had not premature Fate interpoſed.
She returned ſafe from that naval Engagement,
And was married in ſome Months after, to
JOHN SPRAGGE, Eſq;
With whom ſhe lived half a Year extremely happy;
But being delivered of a Daughter, ſhe died a few
Days after,
Oct. 30, 1692.

This Monument, to his moſt dear and affectionate Wife,
Was erected by her moſt diſconſolate Huſband.

[*St. Luke*'s at *Chelſea*, *Middleſex*.]

On

On THOMAS SHADWELL, *Esq*;*

Sacred to the Memory
Of THOMAS SHADWELL, Esq;
Of an ancient Family in *Staffordshire*,
Deservedly
Poet-Laureat and Historiographer to
King WILLIAM 3d. and Queen MARY.

He died Nov. 20, 1692, Aged 55.

To his honoured Parent,
JOHN SHADWELL, M. D.
Erected this Monument.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Lieutenant General EDMUND LUDLOW.

Here lies
EDMUND LUDLOW,
By Birth an *Englishman*, of the County of *Wilts*,
(Son to Sir HENRY LUDLOW, Knight)
A Member of Parliament,
As his Father had likewise been.
More distinguished by his Virtue, than his Family,
(Tho' an ancient and good One)
By Religion, a Protestant,
And remarkable for his eminent Piety.
In the twenty-third Year of his Age

On ANNE SPRAGGE.*

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ANNE, the only Daughter of
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Had not premature Fate interpoſed.
She returned ſafe from that naval Engagement,
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With whom ſhe lived half a Year extremely happy;
But being delivered of a Daughter, ſhe died a few
Days after,
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This Monument, to his moſt dear and affectionate Wife,
Was erected by her moſt diſconſolate Huſband.

[*St. Luke*'s at *Chelſea*, *Middleſex*.]

On

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Sacred to the Memory
Of THOMAS SHADWELL, Eſq;
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Deſervedly
Poet-Laureat and Hiſtoriographer to
King WILLIAM 3d. and Queen MARY.

He died Nov. 20, 1692, Aged 55.

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JOHN SHADWELL, M. D.
Erected this Monument.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Lieutenant General EDMUND LUDLOW.

Here lies
EDMUND LUDLOW,
By Birth an *Engliſhman*, of the County of *Wilts*,
(Son to Sir HENRY LUDLOW, Knight)
A Member of Parliament,
As his Father had likewiſe been.
More diſtinguiſhed by his Virtue, than his Family,
(Tho' an ancient and good One)
By Religion, a Proteſtant,
And remarkable for his eminent Piety.
In the twenty-third Year of his Age

He had the Command of a Regiment,
And ſoon after the Poſt of Lieutenant-General;
In which Quality he ſubdued the *Iriſh:*
Being intrepid in Fight,
And expoſing himſelf to the greateſt Dangers;
But
In Victory merciful, and Humane:
A Defender of the Liberty of his Country,
And a ſtrenuous Oppoſer of Arbitrary Power.
Upon which Account,
Being baniſhed 32 Years from his native Country,
And worthy of a better Fortune,
He retired into *Switzerland!*

This Monument was erected in perpetual Memory,
Of her true and ſincere Affection
Towards her deceaſed Huſband,
By Dame ELIZABETH THOMAS,
His beloved Wife, and afflicted, but conſtant Partner,
As well in Misfortunes, as in Wedlock.
Who, excited by her own Greatneſs of Mind,
And the Force of Conjugal Love,
Followed him into Baniſhment;
And conſtantly bore him Company to his Death,
Anno Dom. 1693.

[*Verſoy*, in *Switzerland.*]

On ESTHER, *Lady* Eland.

ESTHER DE LA TOUR DE GOUVERNET,
A Name renown'd in *France*,
And which her excellent Endowments both of
Mind and Body,
Render'd much more illuſtrious;
Was the beſt of Wives, and ſoon the Widow
Of the moſt Noble Lord *Eland*;
Eldeſt Son of the Marquis of *Hallifax*.
Her extraordinary Goodneſs towards all,
Her ſingular Dutifulneſs to her Parents,
Made her beloved of all;
But
Her Mother above all.
Her Soul thus adorned with Heavenly Graces,
She early reſigned to Heaven;
And her Body to this Tomb;
Which her Mother
(Herſelf almoſt buried in Sorrows)
As the laſt Mark of her unſpeakable Grief made for her.

She died in the 28th Year of her Age,
Of the Chriſtian Account 1694.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Sir WILLIAM PHIPPS, *Knt.*

Near this Place is interred the Body of
Sir WILLIAM PHIPPS, Knight,
Who, in the Year 1687, by his great Induſtry,
Diſcovered among the Rocks, near the Banks of *Bahama*,
On the North Side of *Hiſpaniola*,
A *Spaniſh* Plate Ship;
Which had been under Water forty-four Years.
Out of which he took, in Gold and Silver, to the Value
Of Three Hundred Thouſand Pounds Sterling!
And with a Fidelity, equal to his Conduct,
Brought it all to *London*;
Where it was divided
Between himſelf and the reſt of the Adventurers.
For which great Service he was Knighted
By his then Majeſty King JAMES the Second;
And, at the Requeſt of the principal Inhabitants of
New England,
He accepted the Government of the *Maſſachuſets*;
In which he continued to the Time of his Death:
And diſcharg'd his Truſt
With that Zeal for the Intereſt of his Country,
And with ſo little Regard to his own private Advantage,
That he juſtly gained the good Eſteem and Affections
Of the greateſt and beſt Part
Of the Inhabitants of that Colony.

He died the 18th of Feb. 1694,
And his Lady, to perpetuate his Memory,

Hath

Hath cauſed this Monument to be erected.

[*St. Mary, Woolnoth.*]

On HENRY PURCELL, *Eſq*;

Here lies HENRY PURCELL, Eſq;
Who left this Life and is gone to that bleſſed Place,
Where only his Harmony can be exceeded!

Obiit 21 Die Novembris,
Anno Ætatis ſuæ 37,
Anno Dom. 1695.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Dr. RICHARD BUSBY.*

That Part of BUSBY,
With which the Eyes of Men were converſant,
Lies here beneath!
If thou art deſirous of knowing
That which is depoſited in their Souls,
Look to the Luminaries of the Univerſities;
And the Courts of Juſtice;
View
The moſt diſtinguiſhed Perſonages of the Court,
The Parliament, and the Church:
And from ſuch a Harveſt, think how great the Sower!

As he had an admirable Faculty in diſcerning
The natural Turn of the Mind,
So he no leſs happily modell'd it,
And carried it to its utmoſt Improvement.
His Method of Inſtruction
Was ſuch,
As to blend Wiſdom with the Languages;
And the Youth in their Leſſons,
Imbibed the Sentiments of Manhood!
All who had duly profited
Under this excellent Teacher,
Were, in their ſeveral Stations,
Zealous for the Conſtitution of *England*,
In Church and State;
And many weighty Defenders thereof.
Whatever has been the ſubſequent Reputation of
Weſtminſter School;
Whatever Advantage has been deriv'd from it,
Muſt chiefly be ever attributed to the Great BUSBY!
God was pleaſed to continue this uſeful Patriot
To an uncommon Proſperity, and length of Years:
And he on his Part,
Spared neither himſelf nor his Subſtance,
In the Service of Religion,
The Relief of the Poor,
The Encouragement of Learning,
And the Repair of Holy Places;
Theſe being with him the beſt Uſe,
The moſt delightful Enjoyment of Riches:
And whatever he did not beſtow
When Living,
He bequeathed to thoſe Uſes

At

At his Death.

RICHARD BUSBY,
Was born at *Lutton*, in *Lincolnſhire*, Sept. 2, 1606.
He was appointed Maſter of *Weſtminſter* School
December 3d, 1640.
On July the 5th, 1660, he obtained a Prebend in this
Church;
And on the 11th of Auguſt following
He was choſen Treaſurer of the *Welch* Society.

He died April the 5th, 1695.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On MICHAEL GODFREY.

Near this Place lies interred the Body
Of MICHAEL GODFREY, Merchant,
Late of this Pariſh.
Son of Mr. MICHAEL GODFREY, Merchant,
And ANN MARY his Wife:
He was born the 22d of Feb. 1658.
Being elected the firſt Deputy-Governor of
The Bank of *England*;
He went for *Flanders* on ſome important Buſineſs,
Relating to the Service of his Majeſty:
Where attending his Royal Perſon,
Then encamped before *Namure*,
He was ſlain by a Cannon-ball from the Works of
The Beſieged, July 17, 1695.

He

He died a Batchelor, much lamented
By all his Friends, Relations, and Acquaintance,
For his Integrity, his Knowledge, and the Sweetneſs
Of his Manners.

His Body was buried near his Father's.

His ſorrowful Mother
Cauſed this Monument to be erected
To the pious Memory of her beloved Son.

[*St. Swithin's*]

On Lord Viſcount DUNDEE.

By Mr. Dryden.

O laſt and beſt of *Scots!* who did'ſt maintain
Thy Country's Freedom from a foreign Reign;
New People fill the Land now thou art gone,
New Gods the Temples, and new Kings the Throne!
Scotland, and Thou, did in each other live,
Thou would'ſt not her, nor cou'd ſhe thee ſurvive:
Farewell! who living did'ſt ſupport the State,
And could'ſt not fall, but with thy Country's Fate.

On

On Lady WHITMORE.

By Mr. Dryden.

Fair, kind, and true, a Treaſure each alone;
A Wife, a Miſtreſs, and a Friend in one,
Reſt in this Tomb, rais'd at thy Husband's Coſt,
Here ſadly ſumming what he had and loſt.

Come, Virgins, e'er in equal Bands you join;
Come firſt, and offer at her ſacred Shrine!
Pray but for half the Virtues of this Wife;
Compound for all the reſt, with longer Life;
And wiſh your Vows like her's may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead ſo mourn'd.

On Sir PALMES FAIRBORNE, *Knt.*

By Mr. Dryden.

Sacred to the immortal Memory of
Sir PALMES FAIRBORNE, Knt.
Governor of *Tangier*.
In Execution of which Command,
He was mortally wounded by a Shot from the *Moors*,
Then beſieging the Town,
In the 46th Year of his Age, Oct. 24, 1680.

Ye ſacred Reliques! which your Marble keepe,
Here, undiſturb'd by Wars, in Quiet ſleepe;

Diſcharge

Diſcharge the Truſt which (when it was below)
FAIRBORNE's undaunted Soul did undergoe,
And be the Towns *Palladium* from the Foe.
Alive and dead theſe Walls he will defend;
Great Actions great Examples muſt attend.
The *Candian* Siege his early Valour knew,
Where *Turkiſh* Blood did his young Hands embrue.
From thence returning with deſerv'd Applauſe,
Againſt the *Moores* his well fleſh'd Sword he draws,
The ſame the Courage, and the ſame the Cauſe.
His Youth and Age, his Life and Death combine,
As in ſome great, and regular Deſign,
All of a Piece throughout, and all Divine.
Still nearer Heav'n, his Vertue ſhone more bright,
Like riſing Flames expanding in their Height,
The Martyr's Glory crown'd the Soldier's Fight.
More bravely *Britiſh* Gen'ral never fell,
Nor Gen'ral's Death was e'er reveng'd ſo well;
Which his pleas'd Eyes beheld before their Cloſe,
Follow'd by Thouſand Victims of his Foes.

To his lamented Loſſe for Times to come,
His pious Widow conſecrates this Tomb.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On the Marquis of WINCHELSEA.

By Mr. Dryden.

He who in impious Times undaunted ſtood,
And 'midſt Rebellion, durſt be juſt and good!

Whoſe

Whoſe Arms aſſerted, and whoſe Suff'rings more
Confirm'd the Cauſe for which he fought before;
Reſts here rewarded, by an heav'nly Prince,
For what his earthly cou'd not recompenſe.
Pray, Reader, that ſuch Times no more appear;
Or, if this happen, learn true Honour here.

Ark of thy Age's Faith and Loyalty,
Which to preſerve them Heav'n confirm'd in thee;
Few Subjects cou'd a King like thine deſerve,
And fewer ſuch a King ſo well cou'd ſerve:
Bleſt King, bleſt Subject, whoſe exalted State
By Suff'rings roſe, and gave the Law to Fate:
Such Souls are rare, but mighty Patterns given
To Earth were meant for Ornaments to Heaven.

On Maſter ROGERS, *of* Glouceſterſhire.

By Mr. Dryden.

Of gentle Blood, his Parents only Treaſure,
Their laſting Sorrow, and their vanquiſh'd Pleaſure;
Adorn'd with Features, Virtues, Wit, and Grace;
A large Proviſion for ſo ſhort a Race.
More mod'rate Gifts might have prolong'd his Date,
Too early fitted for a better State;
But knowing Heav'n his Home, to ſhun Delay,
He leap'd o'er Age, and took the ſhorteſt Way.

On

On Mrs. MARGARET PASTON, *of* Barningham, Norfolk.

By Mr. Dryden.

So fair, ſo young, ſo innocent, ſo ſweet,
So ripe a Judgment, and ſo rare a Wit,
Require at leaſt an Age in one to meet!
In her they met! but long they cou'd not ſtay,
'Twas Gold too fine to mix without Allay;
Heav'ns Beauty was in her ſo well expreſt,
Her very Sight upbraided all the reſt.
Too juſtly raviſh'd from an Age like this,
Now ſhe is gone the World is of a Piece.

On MARY FRAMPTON.

By Mr. Dryden.

Here lies the Body of
MARY, third Daughter of RICHARD FRAMPTON,
Of *Moreton*, in *Dorſetſhire*, Eſq;
And of JANE his Wife, ſole Daughter of
Sir FRANCIS COTTINGTON, of *Founthill* in *Wilts*.
Who was born Jan. 1ſt, 1676-7,
And died after Seven Weeks Sickneſs, on the 6th of 7ber, 1698.

This

This Monument was erected by
CATHARINE FRAMPTON,
Her ſecond Siſter and Executrix,
In teſtimony of her Grief, Affection, and Gratitude.

Below this Marble Monument is laid
All that Heav'n wants of this celeſtial Maid.
Preſerve, O ſacred Tomb! thy Truſt confin'd,
The Mould was made on purpoſe for the Mind;
And ſhe would loſe, if, at the latter Day,
One Atom could be mix'd of other Clay.
Such were the Features of her Heav'nly Face,
Her Limbs were form'd with ſuch harmonious Grace,
So faultleſs was the Frame, as if the whole
Had been an Emanation of the Soul,
Which her own inward Symmetry reveal'd,
And like a Picture ſhone in Glaſs anneal'd:
Or like the Sun eclips'd with ſhaded Light,
Too piercing elſe to be ſuſtain'd by Sight.
Each Thought was viſible, that roll'd within,
As thro' a Chryſtal Caſe the figur'd Hours are ſeen;
And Heav'n did this tranſparent Veil provide,
Becauſe ſhe had no guilty Thought to hide;
All white, a Virgin Saint, ſhe ſought the Skies,
For Marriage, tho' it ſullies not, it dyes.
High tho' her Wit, yet humble was her Mind,
As if ſhe cou'd not, or ſhe would not find
How much her Worth tranſcended all her kind.
Yet had ſhe learn'd ſo much of Heav'n below,
That when arriv'd ſhe ſcarce had more to know,
But only to refreſh the former Hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer Print.

High

So Pious, as ſhe had no Time to ſpare
For human Thoughts, but was confin'd to Pray'r.
Yet, in ſuch Charities ſhe paſs'd the Day,
'Twas wond'rous how ſhe found an Hour to pray!
A Soul ſo calm, it knew not Ebbs or Flows,
Which Paſſion cou'd but curl, not diſcompoſe;
A Female Softneſs, with a manly Mind,
A Daughter duteous, and a Siſter kind,
In Sickneſs patient, and in Death reſign'd.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On JAMES FORESTER, *Eſq*;

Sacred to the Memory of
JAMES FORESTER, late of *Broadfield*, Eſq;
(One of the Juſtices of the Peace for this County)
Grandſon and ſole Heir
Of ARTHUR PULTER, late of the ſame Place, Eſq;
(The laſt Stem of that ancient Family
Sprung from *Loughborough*, in the County of *Lieceſter*)
By MARGARET his eldeſt Daughter,
Wife of JOHN FORESTER, late of *London*, Mercer.
He married MARTHA,
The Third Daughter of Sir HENRY CHAUNCY, Knt.
Serjeant at Law;
By whom he had Iſſue,
PULTER, JAMES, MARGARET, MARTHA, PENELOPE,
And JANE.
He was

A good

A good Chriſtian without Oſtentation,
Devout to GOD,
Faithful to his Country,
Kind and Prudent in his Family,
Sincere to his Friend,
Partial to none,
Severe only to himſelf.

He died March 28, 1696, in the 36 Year of his Age,
Univerſally beloved,
And
No leſs lamented.

[*Cottered, Hertfordſhire.*]

On Dr. DAWBIGNY TURBERVILLE.

M. S.
Near this Place lies interred,
The moſt expert and ſucceſsful Oculiſt that ever was,
Perhaps that ever will be,
Doctor DAWBIGNY TURBERVILLE,
Deſcended from two Families of thoſe Names,
Than which,
There are few more Ancient or Noble.
During the civil Wars
He bore Arms for the King:
After the Surrender of *Exeter*
He lived at *Wayford* and *Crookhorn*,
But thoſe Towns not affording Convenience
To his numerous Patients,

He

He removed to *London*,
Intending to ſettle there;
But, not having his Health, he left it and lived
In *Saliſbury* more than Thirty Years:
Doing good to all, and being beloved by all.
His great Fame,
Cauſed Multitudes to flock to him,
Not only from all Parts of this Kingdom,
But alſo from
Scotland, *Ireland*, *France*, and *America*.
He died April the 21ſt, 1696, in the 85th Year of his Age,
And left his Eſtate betwixt his only Siſter and Niece;
At whoſe Expences this Monument was erected.

Doctor WALTER POPE
Wrote this Epitaph, to perpetuate his Gratitude,
And to the Memory of his Friend
And Benefactor.

[*Saliſbury Cathedral.*]

On the beautiful Niece of the famous OLIVAREZ. §

If (weeping Love) enquires to ſeek to know,
Her Name, whoſe Charms, enrich the Duſt below;
Point up, and bid 'em read,---but ſay no more,
Nor ſtrive in vain to court her Virtues o'er:
Scarce cou'd the ſweet Amount be juſtly ſung,
Tho' her each Atom were an Angel's Tongue!

On

On JOHN DRYDEN, *Esq*;

J. DRYDEN,
Natus 1632.--- Mortuus Maii 1, 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD,
Dux *Buckinghamienſis*,
Poſuit, 1720.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On BRENT DIXWELL.

Near this Place lieth the Body of
BRENT DIXWELL,
Eldeſt Son to WILLIAM DIXWELL, late of *Coton*, Eſq;
Who married ANNE, the Daughter of
JOHN SANDYS, late of *Loveline*, in the County of
Worceſter, Eſq;
By her he left Three Children,
WILLIAM, JOHN, and ELIZABETH.
A Perſon,
In whom Youth and Wiſdom,
Charity, Juſtice, and an early Piety,
Were united.
Whoſe Affections to the Church,
And his now ſorrowful Lady,
Were more like celeſtial Vertues in him,
Than human Endowments.

The

The one eminently remarkable,
In a particular Reſpect, to the Clergy,
The other in a conſtant Life of Kindneſs,
Too ſenſibly manifeſt in her inexpreſſible Grief,
For the Loſs of ſo dear a Huſband.

To whoſe ſacred Memory
She hath dedicated this Monument,
As a fair Emblem of her reciprocal Love.
Objit Anno Ætatis 24.

[*Church-Over, Warwickſhire.*]

On PETER HEIWOOD.

PETER HEIWOOD,
Younger Son of PETER HEIWOOD,
One of the Counſellors of *Jamaica*,
By GRACE, Daughter of Sir JOHN MUDDEFORD,
Knt. and Bart.
Great Grandſon to PETER HEIWOOD, of *Heiwood*,
In the County Palatine of *Lancaſter*.
Who apprehended GUY FAUX
With his dark Lanthorn,
And for his zealous Proſecution of Papiſts,
As Juſtice of Peace,
Was ſtabbed in *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
By JOHN JAMES, a *Dominican Fryar*,
Anno Dom. 1640.
Objit Nov. 2, 1701.

[*St. Ann*'s, *Alderſgate*.]

On CHARLES DENIS DE ST. EVEREMOND*.

CHARLES DENIS DE ST. EVEREMOND,
Was of a noble Family in *Normandy*;
And, betaking himſelf
Very early to a Military Life,
Served with ſo much Courage and Honour,
Under
Marſhal *Turenne*, the Prince of *Conde*,
And other Captains,
That he was gradually Promoted
To the Rank of a Major-General.
Upon leaving his Country, he went to *Holland*,
From whence CHARLES the Second
Invited him into *England*.
He was no leſs a Phyſiologiſt, than Humouriſt,
And a moſt elegant Writer,
Both in Verſe, and Proſe, in the *French* Language;
Which he conſiderably poliſhed and enriched.
Several Kings of *England*
Honoured him with their Favours:
He was the Delight of the Nobility, and the Eſteem of all Perſons.
After a Life of above 90 Years,
He died the 9th of Sept. 1703.

To this celebrated Perſonage,
Who may be juſty ranked

Among the beſt Writers of his Time,
His Friends have erected this Monument.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On EDWARD CHAMBERLAYNE, L. L. D.*

Sacred to Poſterity.
Without the City Walls, and near this Place, on a riſing Ground,
Deſired to be interred, after the ancient Manner,
EDWARD CHAMBERLAYNE;
An *Engliſhmen*, a Chriſtian, and Doctor of Laws;
Deſcended from the antient *Norman* Family of the Earls of *Tankerville:*
Born at *Oddington* in 1616, taught Grammar at *Glouceſter*, Law at *Oxford*, and Humanities in *London*.
He travelled thro'
France, Spain, Italy, Hungary, Bohemia, Upper and *Lower Germany*,
Denmark, and *Sweden*.
In 1658 he married SUSANNA CLIFFORD, of an Honourable Family,
By whom he had Nine Children.
He compoſed Six Books,
And in 1703, departed this Life.
The Writings of his advanced Years, he publiſhed,
For the Benefit of that and ſucceeding Ages.

Traveller, depart!
And ſtrive to imitate, "may GOD preſerve thee."

This

This Monument (not to be violated with impunity)
As a Teſtimony both of his Love, and Sorrow,
WALTER HARRIS, M. D.
(A Friend's Friend) took care to have erected.

[*St. Luke*'s, *Chelſea, Middleſex.*]

On CATHERINE PALMES.

Near to this Place lyeth the Body of
CATHERINE, the Daughter of
Sir BRIAN PALMES, of *Linley*,
In the County of *York*, Knight.

She was ſincere and frequent in her Devotions,
An unwearied Promoter of Piety,
Exactly juſt in her Dealings to all,
Charitable to the Poor,
And Compaſſionate to the Diſtreſſed.
She was zealous in her Love to her Friends,
And obliging in her Generoſity to her Relations.
In acknowledgement of which,
They have erected this Monument to her Memory.

She deceaſed the 21ſt of March, 1703. Aged 58.

[*Worceſter Cathedral.*]

On Major RICHARD CREED.

To the Memory of the Honoured
Major RICHARD CREED,
Who attended
His late Majeſty King WILLIAM the Third,
In all his Wars during his Reign.
Every where ſignalizing himſelf,
And never more himſelf,
Than when he looked an Enemy in the Face.
At the glorious Battle of *Blenheim*, A. D. 1704,
He commanded
One of the Squadrons that begun the Attack;
In two ſeveral Charges he return'd unhurt;
But,
In the Third, after many Wounds received,
Still valiantly fighting,
He was ſhot thro' the Head:
His dead Body was brought off by his Brother,
At the Hazard of his own Life, and buried there.

To his Memory,
His ſorrowful Mother has erected this Monument;
Placing it near another, which her Son
(When living)
Uſed to look upon with Pleaſure,
For the worthy mention it makes of that great Man,
EDWARD, Earl of *Sandwich*,
To whom he had the Honour to be related,
And whoſe heroic Virtues he was ambitious to imitate.

He

He was the eldeſt Son
Of JOHN CREED of *Oundle*, Eſq; and ELIZABETH his Wife;
Only Daughter of Sir GILBERT PICKERING, Baronet,
Of *Tremarſh* in *Northamptonſhire*.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey*.]

On Sir WILLIAM GORE.

Here lies the Body of
Sir WILLIAM GORE, Knight,
Alderman of the City of *London*;
Who ſerved the chief Offices of Dignity and Truſt,
In that City,
With great Reputation and Applauſe;
And was the third Lord-Mayor
Of his Name and Family.
He was a wiſe and impartial Magiſtrate;
Faithful to his Prince, and uſeful to his Country.
He was Governor of the *Hamburgh* Company:
A fair and ſucceſsful Merchant,
A loving and careful Husband,
A kind and provident Father of many Children,
Of which
Four Sons, and Five Daughters, ſurvived him.
He was remarkable for Diligence in his Calling;
For encouraging thoſe to Induſtry, that could work,

And for Charity to thoſe that could not.
He was a good Benefactor
To the Hoſpitals of the City,
To the Pariſh in which he lived,
And to this Pariſh.
He was ſound and ſteady in the Principles of
Religion and Loyalty,
And exemplary in the Practice of them.

Ob. Jan. 20th, A. D. 1707, Æt. 64.

[*Tring, Hertfordſhire.*]

On Dame ELIZABETH GORE.

Here lieth the Body of
Dame ELIZABETH,
Late Wife of Sir WILLIAM GORE, Knt.
Deſcended from worthy Anceſtors,
Whoſe honoured Names are not recited,
Becauſe ſhe wanted no borrowed Luſtre!
Being adorned with all Graces and Perfections
Both of Body and Mind.
She was Pious and Devout,
Wiſe and Virtuous:
A faithful and obedient Wife,
A prudent and tender Mother.
To her Friends
Kind and uſeful, courteous and ſincere:
To the Poor
Compaſſionate,

Compaſſionate, and full of good Works:
A ſingular Modeſty, Meekneſs, and Humility,
Appeared in all her Words and Actions;
And her Life
Was a fair Example of amiable and illuſtrious Virtues
In every Relation.
After a ſhort Sickneſs, on the 4th of March,
She humbly reſigned her pious Soul to GOD, 1705, Æt. 52.

This Monument is erected for a laſting Memorial of his Parents,
By WILLIAM GORE, Eſq;

[*Tring, Hertfordſhire.*]

On Colonel JAMES BRINGFIELD.

To the Memory of the worthily honoured
Colonel JAMES BRINGFIELD,
Born in *Abingdon*, in the County of *Berks*.
Equerry
To his Royal Highneſs Prince GEORGE of *Denmark*;
Aide-de-Camp and Gentleman of the Horſe
To his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*,
(The victorious General of her Majeſties Forces beyond The Sea)
Who, while he was remounting his Lord
Upon a freſh Horſe, his former failing under him,

Had his Head fatally ſhot off by a Cannon-Ball,
In the Battle of *Ramelies*,
On *Whitſunday*,
The 12th Day of May, in the Year of our Lord 1706,
And of his Age 50.
And ſo having glorioufly ended his Days
In the Bed of Honour,
Lies interred at *Bavechem* in the Province of *Brabant*;
A principal Part of the *Engliſh* Guards
Attending his Obſequies.
Where may his valiant Remains reſt in Peace,
And the ſurviving Fame
Of his Courage, Virtue, and true Piety,
(Of which this Church was often a Witneſs)
Live, grow, and ſpread, both here and abroad for ever.

This Monument was erected by his mournful, and
Equally loving
And beloved Widow, CLEMENCE BRINGFIELD, 1706.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Sir CLOUDESLY SHOVEL, *Knt. Bart. and Admiral.*

Sir CLOUDESLY SHOVEL, Knt. and Bart.
Rear-Admiral of *Great-Britain*;
And
Admiral and Commander in Chief of the Fleet,

The

The juſt Rewards
Of his long and faithful Services.

He was
Deſervedly beloved of his Country,
And eſteemed, tho' dreaded, by his Enemies;
Who had often experienced
His Conduct and Courage;
Being Shipwreck'd
On the Rocks of *Scilly*,
In his Voyage from *Thoulon*,
The 22d Day of October, 1707, at Night,
In the 57th Year of his Age.

His Fate was lamented by all,
But eſpecially
The Sea-faring Part of the Nation;
To whom he was
A generous Patron, and worthy Example.

His Body was flung on the Shore,
And buried with others in the Sands;
But, being ſoon after taken up,
Was placed under this Monument;
Which his Royal Miſtreſs has cauſed to be erected,
To commemorate
His ſteady Loyalty, and extraordinary Virtues.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On JOHN TWISDEN.*

To JOHN TWISDEN,
Eighth Son of Sir WILLIAM TWISDEN,
And FRANCES his Wife.
Who, being a Lieutenant
On board Sir CLOUDESLY SHOVEL's Ship,
Was loſt with that worthy Admiral!
In 1707, being in his 24th Year.
That the Remembrance of this deſerving Youth
Be not loſt, together with his Body,
Let this Tomb tranſmit it to Poſterity,
That his Parents had the greateſt Hopes of him,
And no more than his many rare Virtues, and
Accompliſhments promiſed.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On JOSIAH TWISDEN.*

To JOSIAH TWISDEN,
Ninth Son of
Sir WILLIAM TWISDEN and FRANCES his Wife,
A Captain in the *Britiſh* Army,
Who was ſhot in ſtorming Fort *Agremont*,
Near *Liſle*, in *Flanders*, 1708,
In the 23d Year of his Age.
His Body was brought off and buried
With the military Honours,

Which

Which his Bravery well deſerved,
By his Brother HENEAGE,
Who, alas!
Soon after met with the like untimely Deſtiny.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On HENEAGE TWISDEN.*

Sacred to the Memory of
HENEAGE TWISDEN,
Seventh Son of Sir WILLIAM TWISDEN, Bart.
And FRANCES his Wife.
Who, behaving with the greateſt Intrepidity,
Was killed at the bloody Battle near *Blaregnies*,
in *Hainault*;
Where he acted as Aid-de-Camp
To the moſt Noble and Valiant Prince,
JOHN, Duke of *Argyle*,
Who led on the Van of the Confederates.
In nothing degenerating from his excellent Parents,
Nor unworthy of ſerving ſuch a Leader.
No leſs eſteemed at Home
For his Mildneſs and Humanity,
His Modeſty and Probity,
His Conſtancy, and Truth in Friendſhip,
His Reſpect to his Parents,
And Devotion to GOD;
Than in the Camp, for his daring Bravery,

His indefatigable Hardineſs,
And his ſteady Calmneſs in the Midſt of Danger.
Adorned
With ſo many and ſuch great Qualities,
Equally the Soldier and the Gentleman,
His Fall was lamented by all who knew him;
By none ſo much as he,
Who, in Remembrance of his agreeable Converſation,
And their frequent Reciprocations of Friendſhip,
Has erected this Monument,
To the Honour of his ever to be lamented Friend.

His Death happened in 1709, in the 29th Year of his Age.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On GEORGE STEPNEY, *Eſq*;*

This Monument was erected to the Memory of
GEORGE STEPNEY, Eſq;
A Perſon highly celebrated
For his uncommon Learning,
Extraordinary Wit,
Engaging Converſation,
And great Experience in political Affairs.
Improv'd by the Eſteem and daily Converſation,
Of all the Perſons of Note and Merit,
Both at Home and Abroad,
That were acquainted with
His moſt excellent Endowments,

And

And Qualifications.
In the ſeveral great Employments he was intruſted with, by
King WILLIAM the 3d, and Queen ANNE.
All, or moſt of which, proved ſucceſsful,
And highly beneficial to the common Cauſe.
And as for the Elegancy and Politeneſs of his Stile,
The Political Pieces he has left behind him
Will be laſting Monuments of his Fame.

He was deſcended from the Family
Of the STEPNEY's, in *Pembrokeſhire*;
But born in *Weſtminſter*, in the Year 1663,
Received into the College of *St. Peter's*, *Weſtminſter*, 1676,
And into *Trinity-College*, in *Cambridge*, in 1682.

He was ſent, in the Quality of Envoy, to the
Elector of *Brandenburgh*, in the Year 1692;
To the Imperial Court, in 1693;
To the Elector of *Saxony*, in 1694 and 1695;
To the Electors of
Mayence, *Cologne*, *Treves*, and *Palatine*,
The Landgrave of *Heſſe*,
And the Congreſs at *Franckfort*,
In 1696 and 1697.
In which Year he was alſo made
One of the Commiſſioners of Trade:
In the Year 1698 he was ſent, the ſecond Time,
His Majeſty's Envoy
To the Elector of *Brandenburgh*;
To the King of *Poland*, in 1699;

And again to the Emperor in 1701;
And
To the States General of the *United Provinces*, in 1706.

He died at *Chelſea* in 1707,
And was buried in this Church.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Dr. JOHN BLOW.

Here lieth the Body of
JOHN BLOW, Doctor in Muſick;
Who was Organiſt, Compoſer,
And Maſter of the Children, of the Chappel Royal,
For the Space of 35 Years,
In the Reigns of King CHARLES the 2d,
King JAMES the 2d,
King WILLIAM and Queen MARY,
And her preſent Majeſty Queen ANNE:
And alſo Organiſt of this Collegiate Church
About 15 Years.
He was Scholar to the excellent Muſician
Doctor CHRISTOPHER GIBBONS,
And Maſter to the famous Mr. HENRY PURCELL,
And moſt of the eminent Maſters of Muſick ſince.

He died Oct. 1, 1708, in the 60th Year of his Age.
His own muſical Compoſitions,
Eſpecially his Church Muſick,

Are

Are a far nobler Monument to his Memory,
Than any other can be raiſed for him.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Sir GEORGE ROOKE, *Knt. Vice-Admiral.**

Sacred to the Memory of
Sir GEORGE ROOKE, Knt.
(Son to Sir WILLIAM ROOKE, Knight)
Vice-Admiral of *England.*
O how much Hiſtory is in that Name!
And how little is this Inſcription able to reveal it!
The *French* flying from the Fight, An. 1692,
He,
In an open Boat,
Amidſt the Showers of great and ſmall Shot,
(In Preſence of ſo many *French*, a thing almoſt incredible)
Firſt of all prepared the revenging Flames,
Which burnt Thirteen of their Ships of War
Near *La Hogue.*
Afterwards,
The Differences between the *Swedes* and *Danes*
Being happily, and juſtly compoſed, by his Council,
He left the *North* in Peace,
And returned *Southward,*
Where, the whole Fleet of the Enemies Guard Ships,
Being either burnt or taken at *Vigo,*
And the Galleons,

(Ships

(Ships of immenſe Burthen) loaden with Silver,
He faithfully conducted into *England*;
And, with an upright Heart,
Conveyed the beſt Part of the Spoils into the
Publick Treaſury.
He took *Gibraltar* with his Naval Forces,
In a few Hours,
Which afterwards a regular Army beſieg'd in vain
For many Months!
And in the ſame Career of Succeſs,
(His Navy being as much inferior in Strength,
As ſuperior in Council and Courage)
He put to Flight the whole *French* Fleet,
Who,
Tho' well provided, durſt not hazard a Battle.
By which glorious Action he opened the Way
For CHARLES the 3d. to aſcend the Throne,
The *Spaniards* to recover their Liberty,
And
For all *Europe* to enjoy Peace.
For theſe and other Toils undergone
By this Heroic Chriſtian;
For his ſingular Piety to the Church,
His Fidelity to
WILLIAM the Great, and ANNE the Good,
Ever moſt religiouſly obſerved;
For his cauſing *Britannia*'s Name to be borne
And renowned thro' the whole World;
GOD did not grant him
Swelling Titles,
Envied Riches,

Nor

Nor
The empty Applauſe of the Vulgar;
But
The Pleaſures of a ſedate Mind,
The Love of all good Men,
Retirement in his paternal Inheritance,
And Death at laſt in CHRIST.

He departed this Life the 24th Day of January,
In the 58th Year of his Age,
In the Year of our Lord 1708.

He married three Wives,
MARY HOWE, of *Cold Berwick*, in the County of *Wilts*;
MARY LUTTEREL, of *Dunſter Caſtle*, in the County
Of *Somerſet*;
And KATHERINE KNATCHBULL, of *Marſham Hatch*,
In the County of *Kent*:
By the Second of which he left GEORGE his only Son.

[*Canterbury Cathedral.*]

On Dame DAMARIS MASHAM.

Near this Place lies
Dame DAMARIS MASHAM,
Daughter of RALPH CUDWORTH, D. D.
And ſecond Wife to Sir FRANCIS MASHAM,
Of *Oates*, in the County of *Eſſex*, Bart.
Who, to the Softneſs and Elegancy of her own Sex,
Added ſeveral of the nobleſt Accompliſhments,
And

And Qualities of the other.
She poſſeſſed theſe Advantages, in a Degree
Unuſual to either;
And tempered them with an Exactneſs
Peculiar to herſelf.
Her Learning, Judgment, Sagacity, and Penetration,
Together with her Candour, and Love of Truth,
Were very obſervable to all that converſed with her,
Or were acquainted with thoſe ſmall Treatiſes,
She publiſh'd in her Life-time;
Tho' ſhe induſtriouſly concealed her Name.
Being Mother of an only Son,
She applied all her natural and acquired Endowments
To the Care of his Education:
She was a ſtrict Obſerver of all the Virtues,
Belonging to every Station of her Life;
And only wanted Opportunities
To make thoſe Talents ſhine in the World,
Which were the Admiration of her Friends.

She was born Jan. 18th, 1658, and dyed
April 20th, 1708.

[*Bath Abbey.*]

On ANNE FINCH.

Sacred to the dear Memory of
ANNE, only Daughter of
GEORGE FINCH, Eſq; of *Valentines*, in *Eſſex*;
An excellent Perſon,

Well-

Well-natur'd, diſcreet, and virtuous;
Moſt affectionately beloved by her Relations,
And moſt juſtly eſteem'd by all that knew her.
It pleaſed GOD to viſit her, with a tedious ſevere Illneſs,
Which,
(Tho' in the Flower of her Age, and bleſſed with a
Plentiful Fortune,)
She bore with great Evenneſs and Conſtancy.
She prepared herſelf
By frequent and fervent Devotion, for her Diſſolution,
Which ſhe waited for with ſuch pious Reſignation,
As manifeſted her Heart
To be affected with the Power of Religion, and
The well grounded Hope of a bleſſed Eternity.

[*Bath Abbey.*]

On JOHN PHILIPS. *

By Dr. John Friend.

Behold the Buſt of
JOHN PHILIPS!
To whoſe Reputation, no Part of *Britain* is a Stranger!
Whoſe Learning and Genius,
Whoſe Candour and Simplicity,
Endeared him to all
Who loved what is good and commendable.
His Love of polite Literature,
Shewed itſelf ſo early
As when he was at *Wincheſter* School;

And

And being removed to *Chriſt-Church College*,
He was continually giving it
The nobleſt Gratification,
In the Works of the beſt Maſters of Writing.
In that Seat of the Muſes it was,
Where, Emulation being ſeconded by Nature,
He compoſed ſeveral Poems in his native Language,
Upon *Greek* and *Roman* Plans;
But not unworthy of the Peruſal
Of the Authors whom he imitated.
For from the Ancients
He had learned to diverſify his Metre,
And adapt it to the Senſe;
Avoiding a Jingle in Sounds,
And a Sameneſs in Cadence.
In this Kind of Poetry he was ſurpaſſed
By MILTON only,
And by him how little!
Whatever was his Subject,
Whether ſublime or light,
He ſuited his Pen to it in a maſterly Manner;
As well in the Propriety of the Sentiment,
As in the Turn of Expreſſion,
And the Cadence of the Metre.
And thou, the Father and Founder of *Engliſh* Poetry,
Energetic CHAUCER!
Allow him, tho' he departed from thy Mode,
A Place at thy Side;
At leaſt, he cannot be held unworthy a Figure
Among the Poets that ſtand around thee.

Sir SIMON HARCOURT,

Who

Who was a Patron of
This worthy and moſt ingenious Perſon
When living,
In acknowledgement of the Delight
And Advantage of his Acquaintance,
Has cauſed this Monument
To be erected to his Memory.

JOHN, Son of STEPHEN PHILIPS, D. D.
Archdeacon of *Salop*,
Was born at *Bampton* in *Oxfordſhire*,
Dec. 30, 1676,
And died at *Hereford*, where he was buried, Feb. 15, 1708.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Dr. JOHN WOODWARD.*

Sacred to the Memory of
JOHN WOODWARD,
A moſt eminent Philoſopher and Phyſician:
Whoſe Genius and Learning are known to the World,
In his admirable Writings;
And his many ſplendid Gifts and Foundations
At the Univerſity of *Cambridge*,
Will be perpetual Monuments
Of his Munificence and Love to his Country.

He was born May 1ſt, 1665, and died April 24, 1708.

In

In Gratitude, to his valuable Friend,
This Memorial was ſet up, by
Colonel RICHARD KING, of the Artillery.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Sir THOMAS WAGSTAFFE, *Knt.*

To the pious Memory of
Sir THOMAS WAGSTAFFE, of this Place, Knt.
A Perſon of a publick and generous Spirit,
An unbias'd Patriot, and a conſtant Friend:
An affectionate Husband,
And an indulgent Father;
A zealous Member of the Church of *England*,
And a loyal Subject.
He had all the Qualifications of a Gentleman,
With the Sincerity of a true Chriſtian:
Charitable without Oſtentation,
Courteous without Flattery,
Hoſpitable, but not profuſe;
Serious without Affectation,
And
Chearful without Offence.

He died Jan. 22, 1708,
In that remarkable fatal Year
The 63d of his Age,
Generally beloved, and much lamented.

[*Tachebrooke, Warwickſhire.*]

On

On JAMES KENDAL, *Eſq*;

Near this Place lieth the Body of
JAMES KENDAL, Eſq;
He was firſt choſen a Member of Parliament
In the Year 1684,
And ſerved in moſt of the ſucceeding Parliaments.
He was five Years Governor of *Barbadoes*;
And, ſoon after his Return to *England*,
Was appointed, by his Majeſty King WILLIAM,
One of the Commiſſioners for executing the Office
Of Lord High Admiral.
Some Years before his Death he retired from all
Public Buſineſs,
Excepting only his Service in Parliament.

He died at *Caſehalton* in *Surry*, July 10, 1708,
In the 61ſt Year of his Age.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Mrs. MARY KENDALL.

By Dr. Atterbury, *Biſhop of* Rocheſter.

Mrs. MARY KENDALL,
Daughter of THOMAS KENDALL, Eſq;
And of Mrs. MARY HALLET, his Wife,
Of *Killigarth* in *Cornwall*,

Was

Was born at *Weſtminſter*, Nov. 8, 1677,
And dy'd at *Epſom*, March 4, 1709-10;
Having reach'd the full Term
Of her bleſſed Saviour's Life;
And ſtudy'd to imitate
His ſpotleſs Example.
She had great Virtues,
And as great a Deſire of concealing them:
Was of a ſevere Life,
But of an eaſy Converſation;
Courteous to all yet ſtrictly Sincere;
Humble without Meanneſs,
Beneficent without Oſtentation,
Devout without Superſtition.
Theſe admirable Qualities,
In which ſhe was equal'd by few of her Sex,
Surpaſs'd by none,
Render'd her every way worthy
Of that cloſe Union and Friendſhip
In which ſhe lived with
The Lady CATHERINE JONES;
And, in Teſtimony of which, ſhe deſir'd
That even their Aſhes after Death
Might not be divided:
And therefore order'd herſelf
Here to be interred,
Where ſhe knew that excellent Lady
Deſign'd one Day to reſt,
Near the Grave of her belov'd
And Religious Mother,
ELIZABETH, Counteſs of *Ranelagh*.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey*.]

On

On Admiral GEORGE CHURCHILL.*

Near this Place, lies GEORGE, ſecond Son
Of Sir WINSTONE CHURCHILL, of *Dorſetſhire*,
And the not unworthy Brother of the
Ever-Victorious Duke of *Marlborough*.

He entered very early into a military Life,
And in the Reigns of CHARLES, and JAMES,
Served with diſtinguiſhed Reputation,
Both by Sea and Land.
At Home,
His Politeneſs, and Honour, endeared him to
Prince GEORGE of *Denmark*;
To whom he was of the Bedchamber
Above Twenty Years.

In the Service of King WILLIAM, on that memorable Day,
When the *French* Fleet was defeated,
And burnt off the Coaſt of *Normandy*,
He fought with the Ardour and Intrepidity
Becoming
A *Britiſh* Commander.
And was, by that Prince,
Who well knew how to value Merit,
Appointed a Lord of the Admiralty:
In which Station,
His maritime Knowledge enabled him, conſiderably,
To improve the Navy.

Laſtly,

Laſtly,
Under the auſpicious Reign of Queen ANNE,
The War being renewed againſt the *French*,
England's moſt inveterate Enemies,
He was created an Admiral,
And of the Council to the Prince of *Denmark*,
Lord High Admiral of *Great-Britain*.
To whom,
By his Application and Skill, he was of ſingular Service,
'Till the *French* were unable to ſend a Fleet to Sea.

Afterwards
He continued conſtantly near the Prince
'Till his very laſt Day,
With all the Attachment of Affection and Gratitude:
At length,
After a ſingle Life, worn out with Sickneſs and Labour,
He, with a Chriſtian and Heroic Serenity,
Expired,
Amidſt the Embraces of his generous Friends,
And the Tears of his faithful Servants,
On the 8th of May, 1710, Aged 57.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey*.]

On THOMAS, *Lord* LIVINGSTON.*

Sacred to the Memory of
THOMAS LIVINGSTON, Knt. Baronet,
Viſcount *Tevoit*, and Baron *Livingſton* of *Peebles*.

He

He was born in *Holland*, and deſcended from the ancient
Family
Of the LIVINGSTONS in *Scotland*.
From his Youth he was trained up to Arms,
And was raiſed with Glory to ſeveral military Honours.
At length, in the Reign of WILLIAM the Third,
(Under whom, when Prince of *Orange* he had made ſeveral
Glorious Campaigns,
And in Quality of Colonel attended in *Britain*)
He was made Lieutenant General
Of the Forces in *Scotland*,
Maſter of the Ordnance,
And one of the Privy-Council:
And, when *Scotland* was inflamed with civil Commotions,
He ſucceſsfully engaged the Enemy near the River *Spey*,
And confirmed the Kingdom in Peace,
And for the King that Kingdom:
For which famous Actions, he was raiſed, by
That grateful Prince,
To the Dignity of a Peer.

And to his Memory, who deſerved ſo well of his Country,
This Monument was ordered to be erected, by
ALEXANDER LIVINGSTON, Knt. Bart.
His only Brother, and Heir.

He died at *London*, Jan. 14, 1710, Aged 60.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On the Honourable PHILIP CARTERET, *youngeſt Son of Lord* George Carteret, *who died March* 19, 1710, *Aged* 19.*

Tranſlated by Mr. Samuel Cobb, *of* Trinity-College, Cambridge.

TIME *is ſuppos'd to ſay,*

Why, lovely Youth, ſhould all the Nine
(The Lovers both of thee and thine)
With weeping Eyes, and mournful Strain,
Of thy untimely Death complain?
For, were I to diſpoſe thy Fate,
Thy Life had been of longer Date.

Behold! a Debt to Nature paid:
Roſes are nothing when they fade;
Yet I will here a Statue grow,
And watchful on thy Aſhes ſhow
What to thy Memory I owe.
This Marble ſhall preſerve thy Fame,
And take Duration from thy Name;
And tho' thy lov'd Relations mourn,
Yet thou ſhalt an Example be,
For Learning and for Piety,
To Children yet unborn.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On

On THOMAS KNIPE.*

THOMAS KNIPE, S. T. P.
Prebend of this Church,
Would have his Reliques depoſited in a Part of the Cloiſter
Oppoſite to this Marble,
Where is interred, his Wife ANNE, with five Children
which he had by her.
He laboured Fifty-Years in promoting Piety and
Learning,
In the Royal-School of *Weſtminſter*;
And during Sixteen Years was Chief Maſter:
Which Truſt he moſt happily diſcharged,
Being furniſhed with the beſt Aſſiſtants.
He was himſelf indefatigably induſtrious,
And being endowed with all the Sweetneſs of Humanity,
He ſent Youth, trained-up in the beſt Inſtitutes,
To both Univerſities;
Many who are now Ornaments to the Church and State,
And more who daily grow up for the ſame great Hopes.
To theſe Encomiums, which illuſtrate his Life,
He joined the Virtues of
Sanctity, Liberality, Politeneſs, Benevolence, Candour,
Faith,
And extenſive Charities to the Poor.
His Health, and advanced Years,
He ſpent in being ſerviceable to others;
'Till, by the ſeveral Attacks of a ſtubborn Diſorder,
Regretted by the Poor, his Scholars, Friends, Children,
And Wife,

He died the 8th of Aug. 1711, Aged 73.

ALICE,
A virtuous Woman, his Second Wife,
Erected, for her dear Huſband, this Monument,
And intends that the ſame Grave ſhall be
The Depoſitory of her own Aſhes.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On JOHN ERNEST GRABE, *D. D.* *

In *Pancraſs* Church-yard, near *London*,
Lies JOHN ERNEST GRABE, D. D.
A *Pruſſian* by Birth,
In Heart an *Engliſhman*;
And famous all over the Chriſtian World,
For his Learning,
And eſpecially for his Explanations of Antiquities.
Seperating himſelf
From the adulterated State of the Church
In thoſe corrupt Times;
It was his frequent Delight to look back
On the golden Age,
And converſe with the Primitive Fathers:
Animated by theſe Examples, he became like them,
And carried all Chriſtian Virtues to ſuch a Pitch,
That together, with his amazing Knowledge,
Even the pureſt Times
Would have admitted him as a ſhining Light.

The

The ancient Original Apoſtolic Church
He held in the moſt reſpectful Veneration:
The next Place in his Regard
He gave to that of *England*;
As having very little departed from the Former;
Which he preferr'd to his Family and Country,
(Tho' he was particularly fond of both)
Impatient 'till he was admitted into its Boſom,
Which however he left with Triumph,
To be admitted into the Church of the Firſt-Born
Written in Heaven,
On the 3d of November, 1711,
In the 46th Year of his Age.

As a public Teſtimony of the great Honour
Paid in *Britain* to this eminent Foreigner,
ROBERT, Earl of *Oxford* and *Mortimer*,
The diſtinguiſhed Patron of learned Men,
Has erected this Monument.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On SYDNEY, *Earl of* Godolphin.

SYDNEY, Earl of *Godolphin*,
High-Treaſurer of *Great-Britain*,
And Chief Miniſter
During the firſt Nine glorious Years of the Reign
Of Queen ANNE.

He dyed in the Year 1712,
The 15th Day of September, Aged 67,
And was buried near this Place.
To whoſe Memory this is offered
With the utmoſt Gratitude, Affection, and Honour,
By
His much obliged Daughter-in-Law
HENERIETTA GODOLPHIN.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On an Infant.

To the dark and ſilent Tomb
Soon I haſted from the Womb;
Scarce the Dawn of Life began,
Er'e I meaſur'd out my Span.

I no ſmiling Pleaſures knew,
I no gay Delights could view;
Joyleſs Sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

Happy Infant! early bleſt!
Reſt, in peaceful Slumber, reſt;
Early reſcu'd from the Cares
Which increaſe with growing Years.

No Delights are worth thy ſtay,
Smiling, as they ſeem, and gay;
All our Gaiety is vain,
All our Laughter is but Pain.

Are

Are then all your Pleaſures vain?
Is there none exempt from Pain?
Is there no Delight, or Joy,
But your fondeſt Hopes will cloy?

Short and ſickly are they all,
Hardly taſted, e're they pall:
Laſting only, and divine,
Is an Innocence like thine.

Sickly Pleaſures, all adieu!
Pleaſures which I never knew.
I'll enjoy my early Reſt,
Of my Innocence poſſeſt:
Happy! happy! from the Womb,
That I haſted to the Tomb.

On Sir JOHN MORE, *Knt.*

In a Vault near this Place is depoſited the Body of
Sir JOHN MORE, Knt.
Sometime Lord-Mayor of *London*,
One of the Repreſentatives of this City in Parliament,
And Preſident of *Chriſt*'s Hoſpital;
Who,
For his great and exemplary Loyalty to the Crown,
Was impowered by King CHARLES 2d.
To bear on a Canton one of the Lions of *England*,
As an Augmentation to his Arms.
He, out of a Chriſtian Zeal for good Works,

Founded and endowed a Free School
At *Appleby* in *Leiceſterſhire*,
His Native Country:
And was a good Benefactor
To the worſhipful Company of *Grocers*,
To the ſeveral Hoſpitals of this City,
To his own Relations in General,
And
To this Pariſh.

He departed this Life the 2d Day of June, 1702,
Aged 82 Years.

[*St. Dunſtan's in the Eaſt.*]

On Dame MARY MORE.

To the pious Memory
Of that truly Virtuous and Religious Lady,
Dame MARY MORE,
Late Wife of Sir JOHN MORE, Knt.
And Alderman of this City;
A Perſon deſervedly Great
By excellent Accompliſhments of Nature,
And the more divine Perfections of Grace:
Who having filled up her ſeveral Relations,
With Honour and Applauſe,
And leaving the World a bright Example
Of Piety and Virtue,
Reſigned up her Spirit the 16th Day of May,

In

In the 58th Year of her Age,
And of her Marriage the 38th,
And lieth interred in a Vault near this Place,
A. D. 1690.

[*St. Dunſtan's in the Eaſt.*]

On Dr. THOMAS SPRATT, *Biſhop of* Rocheſter. *

Sacred to the Memory of
THOMAS SPRAT, S. T. P.
Who was the Son of a Clergyman in *Dorſetſhire*,
And Fellow of *Wadham College*, *Oxon.*
He gave ſeveral Specimens, in his early Youth,
Of an admirable Genius, and Taſte for Poetry;
And tho' much befriended by the Muſes,
He choſe rather to relinquiſh this Glory
In favour of his beloved COWLEY,
To inveſtigate the Beauties of Proſaic Writing;
And, exerciſing himſelf with Pleaſure in this Study,
He appeared among the firſt who then began to poliſh
The *Engliſh* Language;
With which, by ſucceſsfully blending all the Graces of
Greek and *Roman* Eloquence,
He became much in favour with the principal Men
Of the State,
Who firſt recommended him to
GEORGE, the illuſtrious Duke of *Buckingham*:
And afterwards to King CHARLES,

That nice Judge of Elegance.
He was made Prebendary both of *Weſtminſter*,
And *Windſor*,
Soon after Dean of this Church,
And laſtly Biſhop of *Rocheſter*.
He adminiſtered in both Stations with the greateſt
Dignity.
That Politeneſs which ſhews him
To have been converſant with the Great,
Shined both in his Writings and Converſation.
He lived agreeably with all,
Yet always maintained his Authority, without ſeeming
In the leaſt,
To arrogate any:
Both in diſturbed and favourable Times his Faith was
inviolable
To the Church and King;
This naturally excited the Envy of abandoned Men,
Who, by falſe and notorious Imputations
Greatly endanger'd his Perſon;
But having happily extricated himſelf from
Theſe Embarraſsments,
His Life afterwards glided in the Channel of an even
Temper;
Neither unpleaſant to himſelf, or his Friends;
'Till with Old Age he inſenſibly fell off,
And died with the ſame Tranquillity he had lived,
On the 20th of May, 1713, Aged 77.

Here alſo, near his Father's Aſhes, are depoſited
Thoſe of the Son of this moſt happy Prelate:
THOMAS SPRAT, A. M.
Archdeacon

Archdeacon of *Rocheſter*, and Prebendary of the Churches
Of *Rocheſter*, *Wincheſter*, and *Weſtminſter*.
Whatever was graceful in Letters or Life
He learned to cultivate from his Childhood;
And tho' he emulated the Virtues of his Parent,
Alas! attained not his Years.

He died the 10th of May, 1720. Aged 41.

As the Son he tenderly loved,
And the Father ſincerely honoured,
As a Teſtimony of Both,
To both their Memories this Monument was conſecrated
By JOHN FRIEND, M. D.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On JOHN PARTRIDGE.*

JOHN PARTRIDGE,
Aſtrologer and Doctor of Phyſic,
Born at *Eaſt Sheen*, in the County of *Surry*,
Died the 14 June, Anno 1715.

He was Phyſician to two Kings, and one Queen,
CHARLES the 2d, WILLIAM the 3d,
And Queen MARY;
He was created Doctor of Phyſic at
Leyden, in *Holland*.

[*Mortlake, Surry.*]

On

On ELIZABETH MANNINGHAM.

Here lieth the Body of
ELIZABETH MANNINGHAM,
Wife of Dr. THOMAS MANNINGHAM,
Biſhop of *Chicheſter*,
Who died June the 11th, 1714.

She was comely in her Perſon, meek in her Temper,
Moſt humble in her Behaviour,
Prudent in all her Actions, and
Pious through her whole Life.
She had a Mind improved
By a good Share of uſeful Learning;
But that appear'd only in her Judgment.
She never took one Step
Into any of the Vanities of the World;
But, having been bleſs'd
With a moſt ſerious Education,
After ſhe was marry'd
She employ'd her Time chiefly in the Duties of her Family,
In the Exerciſes of
Her conſtant Devotion,
And in giving her Children
Their firſt Inſtructions in Religion.

Her pious Soul now reſts in Peace of Joy,
Waiting for the glorious Appearance
Of the great GOD and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

[*Chicheſter Cathedral.*]

On

On THOMAS CORNWALLIS, *Eſq*;

In a Vault under Biſhop ROBINSON's Monument, to which
It was remov'd from the Pariſh of *St. Giles's in the Fields*,
Lieth the Body of
THOMAS CORNWALLIS, Eſq;
Son of Sir FRANCIS CORNWALLIS, and ELIZABETH
His Wife,
Daughter and ſole-Heireſs of Sir HENRY JONES, Bart.
Of *Albermarles* in the County of *Caermarthen*.

He married EMMA, Daughter of Sir JOB CHARLTON,
Knt. and Bart.
By whom he had 4 Sons and 5 Daughters; 3 Sons died
Before him, 1 Son and 5 Daughters ſurvived.

His Perſon was graceful,
His Soul ſublime:
Honour, Virtue, and Complacency,
Guided all his Actions.
A lover of his Country,
Moſt tender and indulgent to his Wife and Children,
Obliging and ſerviceable to his Friends,
Hoſpitable and generous to his Neighbours,
Juſt, Charitable, and Courteous,
To all he converſed with.
He lived beloved, and dyed lamented
By them all, June 16th, 1703.

His Noon was Night, being made perfect in 33 Years.

In the ſame Vault are depoſited the Remains of his Daughters, LÆTITIA and EMMA. EMMA died A. D. 1714, in the 13th Year of her Age. LÆTITIA exchanged this Life, for a better, at *Nemours* in *France*, in her Way to *Aix*, whither ſhe was going for the Recovery of her Health, in the Year 1740, Aged 46:

She died, as ſhe had lived,
A bright Example of every Virtue and Accompliſhment,
That can make Life happy,
And Death a Bleſſing.

[*Fulham, Middleſex.*]

On EDWARD FOWLER, *Biſhop of* Glouceſter.

To the pious Memory of the Right Reverend
EDWARD FOWLER,
Late Lord Biſhop of *Glouceſter*.
To which Station he was advanc'd by
King WILLIAM, in the Year 1691,
For his known Steadineſs
To the true Intereſt of the Church of *England*,
And of his Country in Times of Danger.
He approved himſelf worthy of that Dignity,
By a faithful and diligent Diſcharge
Of the Paſtoral Office:
'Till, diſabled by Age and bodily Infirmities,
He reſted from his Labours,

And

And was,
In the 82d Year of his Age,
Admitted to partake of his Reward.

He departed this Life, Aug. 26, 1714,
And was interred in the Grave of his firſt Wife
In this Church.
Leaving behind him,
In the excellent Treatiſes publiſh'd by himſelf,
Laſting Monuments of Learning,
Judgment, Piety,
And Chriſtian Temper of Mind.

He was Twice married,
Firſt to ANNE, Daughter of
ARTHUR BERNARDISTON, of the *Inner-Temple*, Eſq;
One of the Maſters of Chancery,
She departed this Life, Dec. 19th, 1696.
He had by her three Sons, and five Daughters,
Of whom
EDWARD, RICHARD, SUSANNA, ELIZABETH,
And MARY,
Together with ELIZABETH his Second Wife,
Survived him:
She was the Widow of
Dr. EZEKIAH BURTON;
And Daughter of
RALPH TREVOR, of *London*, Merchant.

[*Hendon, Middleſex.*]

On CHARLES CHAMBERLAIN, *Eſq*;

M. S.

In the ſame Vault, with his dear Wife and Daughter,
And with like Hopes of a joyful Reſurrection together,
Lyeth the Body of CHARLES CHAMBERLAIN, Eſq;
Alderman of this City,
Who departed this Life Jan. 19, 1704, Aged 65 Years:
Having no where left behind him
Either a Merchant better accompliſhed,
Or a Gentleman more compleatly adorned
With all ſorts of uſeful Knowledge.

In Memory of her moſt affectionate and entirely-beloved Father,
ABIGAIL his ſorrowful Daughter and ſole-Executrix,
The Wife of LEMYNG REBOW, Eſq;
Cauſed this Monument to be enlarged.

[*St. Helen*'s.]

On CHARLES MONTAGUE, *Earl of* Halifax*

Here lies interred
CHARLES MONTAGUE,
Son to the Honourable GEORGE MONTAGUE,
Of *Horton*, in *Northamptonſhire*;

And

And Grandſon to
HENRY, Earl of *Mancheſter*.

He was Scholar of the Royal School
Adjoining to this Church,
And Fellow of *Trinity-College* in *Cambridge*.
He ſo happily cultivated polite Literature,
That, among the firſt of our Poets and Orators,
(Tho' in a different kind of Study, and actuated by
Different Views)
He flouriſhed with equal Applauſe!
And being much improved by the Attainment of
The nobler Arts,
He appeared with Advantage in a public Station;
And aroſe from a ſedentary Life of a Univerſity;
Where he had been the Ornament and Patron of the
Learned.
It was not long e're his
Eloquence in Parliament, his Wiſdom in Council,
His expert Conduct in both Loyalty, and Power,
Promoted him to the Inſpection of the Treaſury:
Where coming opportunely to rectify the Maleverſations
Committed in the Finances,
He reſtored to its former Value
The Silver Coin,
Which was lowered to the great Prejudice of the Public.
And, tho' he perfected ſo great a Work
In the Height of a long-continued War,
He took Care that neither Subſidies ſhould be wanting
To the King, or Neceſſaries to the Subject;
And that neither public, nor private Credit,
Might in any Reſpect

Meet

Meet with the leaſt Obſtruction.

For deſerving thus-well of his Country and Prince,
And for his univerſal Benevolence,
The ancient Splendor of his Family
Was in him illuſtrated by new Titles;
Being created Baron, and afterwards
Earl of *Halifax*:
Adding a Fourth to the Three Peers of
The MONTAGUE Name.
He was laſtly honoured with the Knighthood
Of the moſt noble Order of the Garter.
But, while with unwearied Application,
He was ſtudying, and promoting the good of
His Country,
In the midſt of his laudable Endeavours,
(Oh! uncertain State of human Affairs!)
He died univerſally lamented,
On the 19th of May, A. D. 1715, Aged 54.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On ROBERT KILLIGREW.

ROBERT KILLIGREW,
Of *Arwenak*, in the County of *Cornwall*, Eſq;
Son of THOMAS and CHARLOTTE KILLIGREW:
Page of Honour to King CHARLES the Second,
Brigadier-General of her Majeſty's Forces,
Killed in *Spain*, at the Battle of *Almanza*,

The

The 14th Day of April, A. D. 1707. Æt. 47.
Militavit Annis 24.

Supremum munus Frater mærens posuit.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On Admiral JOHN BAKER.

To the Memory of
JOHN BAKER, Esq;
Vice-Admiral of the White Squadron
Of the *British* Fleet:
Who, when he commanded in the *Mediterranean*,
Died at *Port Mahon*,
The 10th of November 1716, Æt. 56.
He was a brave, judicious, and experienced Officer,
A sincere Friend,
And a true Lover of his Country.

Manet post Funera Victor.

[*Westminster-Abbey.*]

On SOPHIA FAIRHOLM, *Marchioness of* Annandale.*

Sacred to the eternal Memory
Of the most excellent

Lady

Lady SOPHIA FAIRHOLM, Marchioneſs of *Annandale*,
A Native of *Scotland*.
The Endowment of whoſe Mind
Suited her perſonal Beauties.
She was equally the valuable Wife, and Mother;
And manag'd all the domeſtic Affairs of her Family
With that Prudence, and Reſolution,
Which their uncommon Weight required.
As a Life adorned with ſuch eminent Virtues
Was univerſally admired;
Her Death could not fail of being as much lamented.

This unworthy Monument was erected
By her affectionate and dutiful Son,
JAMES, Marquis of *Annandale*.

She died Dec. 13, 1716. Aged 49 Years.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On ISAAC LITTLEBURY.

In Memory of
ISAAC LITTLEBURY,
Whoſe liberal Education,
Travels Abroad,
Skill in divers Languages,
Knowledge of Hiſtory,
And Converſation with learned Men;
Rendered him
A Lover of public Liberty and good Order,
Which

Which he endeavoured to promote by
Publiſhing ſeveral excellent Books.
He was, thro' the Courſe of his Life,
Juſt, open, modeſt, generous,
Mild, beneficent, frugal.

He died the 30th of April, 1710, in his 53d Year.

[*Sutton, Surry.*]

On Dr. ROBERT SOUTH.*

ROBERT SOUTH, S. T. P.
Scholar of *Weſtminſter* School,
And afterwards of *Chriſt Church*;
A Perſon of Erudition, Piety, and ancient Morals,
Was willing that his Aſhes
(Not much diſtant from this Monument)
Should reſt near thoſe of Doctor BUSBY.
After the Reſtoration,
By the Patronage of the great CLARENDON,
He was made Prebendary of both the Colleges
In which he was educated.
He was a conſtant Aſſertor of the Rights of
The Church of *England*,
Both in her flouriſhing, and diſtreſſed Condition;
And a true Champion of the Chriſtian Faith.
In his Sermons he ſo excelled
By a certain new, and entirely peculiar,
But noble, magnificent, and admirable
Manner of Eloquence;

That

That Connoiſeurs might well doubt
Whether the ſtrength of Genius,
Force of Argument,
Copiouſneſs of Doctrine,
Splendor and weight of Words,
In him were moſt conſpicuous.
Amply furniſhed with all theſe Qualities,
He not only affected the Souls of his Audience,
But even aſtoniſhed and inflamed them!
Few were ſo well acquainted with polite Literature,
And the primitive Theology.
He was alſo well verſed in the School-Divinity,
Out of which he expreſſed
What is ſound and ſucculent:
And by not entering into a Diſquiſition
Of frivolous Matters,
He embelliſhed with all neceſſary Graces of Diſcourſe,
What would otherwiſe have been involved
In the obſcure Maze of Terms.
If at any Time, with ſome Bitterneſs, he inveighed againſt
The Management of Affairs,
Or the Vices of Mankind,
It ought not to be attributed to a predilectum
For any Party, or any natural Aſperity;
For
He ever unreſervedly avowed his Opinion,
Of Men and Things,
As they appeared to him on mature Deliberation.
And, as he was conſcious to himſelf
Of his own Integrity,
Whatever he ſaw ſcandalous in Life,
Diſguiſed in the Cloak of Religion,

He,

He, with all the emotions of a juſt Indignation,
Freely attack'd and exploded.

Intent on theſe Studies,
And always reſolving theſe Concerns in his Mind,
If at any Time he ſeparated himſelf
From the Converſation of Mankind,
It was to labour for the general Good.
Both his Life, and Death, ſufficiently demonſtrate
His benign, his merciful Diſpoſition
Towards the Unhappy.

At *Iſlip*,
He re-built the Chancel, and the Rector's Houſe;
And erected, and endowed, a School for poor Children,
For the advancement of Learning,
Both here and at *Chriſt-Church*;
And, for the Repairs of that College, he left by Will
One Thouſand Pounds in ready-Money,
And a yearly Revenue of Three Hundred:
All which will be eternal Monuments
Of his Piety towards GOD,
And Benevolence to Mankind.

He died July 8th, An. Dom. 1716, Aged 82.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Sir WILLIAM BOUGHTON, *Bart.*

Near this Marble, in the Vault of his Anceſtors,
Are depoſited the ſacred Remains of
Sir WILLIAM BOUGHTON, Bart.
Deſcended
Of an honourable and ancient Family;
But far greater
In perſonal Worth than Pedigree;
For he has left to Poſterity
An Example
Of a tender and moſt endearing Huſband,
A kind and provident Father,
A generous Neighbour,
An hoſpitable Entertainer of his Friends at his Table,
A conſtant Reliever of the Poor at his Gates.
Theſe valuable Qualities
So effectually recommended him
To the Eſteem and Favour of his County,
That he was unanimouſly elected their Repreſentative,
In the Parliament of Queen ANNE,
Renowned for Peace;
Where his ſteady and untainted Principles,
Loyalty to his Sovereign,
And Zeal for the eſtabliſh'd Church of *England*,
Eminently diſtinguiſh'd him.

His mournful Widow,
Dame CATHERINE BOUGHTON,
(The Daughter of Sir CHARLES SHUCKBURG,

Of

Of *Shuckburg*, Bart.
And of CATHERINE, Daughter to
Sir HUGH STEWEKLEY,
Of *Hinton* in *Hampſhire*, Bart.
Urtog. Parenti AUGUSTA)
In Gratitude to his Memory
Has erected this Monument:
Not as a compleat Regiſter of his well-known Merits,
But as a ſincere Teſtimony
Of her conjugal Affection.

Obiit Jul. 22, Anno Dni. 1716, Ætat. 53.

[*Newbold, Warwickſhire.*]

On ROBERT TAYLER.

Here lyes the Body of
ROBERT TAYLER,
Late Rector of *Eaſt-Barnet*, and Prebendary of *Lincoln*;
Whoſe ſolid and uſeful Learning,
Judicious and ſteady Zeal,
For the Doctrine and Diſcipline of the Church of *England*,
Had render'd him valuable
To all ſincere Lovers thereof.

After he had,
For above the Space of Forty-two Years,

Recommended true Chriſtian Piety,
By his Preaching and Example,
He left, by his laſt Will,
That excellent Book, entituled,
"*The Whole Duty of Man*,"
To every Family in his Pariſh;
As an Inſtance,
Of his dying Care, and Concern for their Souls.

Obiit Feb. 18, 1718, Ætat. 72.

[*Eaſt-Barnet, Hertfordſhire.*]

On ALMERICUS, *Lord* Courcy, *Baron* Kinſale.

Here lies the Body
Of the Right Honourable
ALMERICUS DE COURCY, Lord *Courcy*,
Of *Courcy* County,
And Baron *Kinſale* of the Kingdom
Of *Ireland*,
Deſcended from the famous
JOHN DE COURCY, Earl of *Ulſter*,
Who, in the Reign of King JOHN,
In conſideration of his great Valour,
Obtained that extraordinary Priviledge,
To him and his Heirs,
Of being Covered before the King.
This Lord was much in Favour with

King

King CHARLES the Second, and King JAMES the Second,
And Commanded a Troop of Horſe under the latter.

He married ANNE,
Daughter of ROBERT DRING, of *Iſleworth*,
In the County of *Middleſex*, Eſq;
By Order of whoſe Will,
This Monument is erected
To the Memory of her late Lord,
He dying without Iſſue.

The ſaid Lady
Left divers Charities to the Pariſh of *Iſleworth*:
Particularly,
Three Hundred Pounds to the Alms Houſe,
Two Hundred Pounds to the Charity-School,
And
One Hundred Pounds to poor Houſekeepers:
And is interred by her ſaid Lord,
Who dyed the 9th of Feb. 1719, Aged 57.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Sir THOMAS HARDY, *Knt. Rear-Admiral.*

Sir THOMAS HARDY,
To whoſe Memory this Monument is erected,
Was bred in the Royal Navy from his Youth,
And was made a Captain in 1693.

In the Expedition to *Cadiz*, under Sir GEORGE ROOKE,
He Commanded the *Pembroke*;
And when the Fleet left the Coaſt of *Spain*,
To return to *England*,
He was ordered to *Lagos Bay*,
Where he got Intelligence of
The *Spaniſh* Galeons, being arrived
In the Harbour of *Vigo*,
Under Convoy of Seventeen *French* Men of War.
By his great Diligence, and Judgment,
He join'd the *Engliſh* Fleet,
And gave the Admiral that Intelligence,
Which engaged him
To make the beſt of his Way to *Vigo*,
Where all the foremention'd Galeons, and Men of War,
Were either taken or deſtroyed.
After the Succeſs of that Action,
The Admiral ſent him with an Account of it
To the Queen;
Who ordered him a conſiderable Preſent,
And Knighted him.
Some Years afterwards he was made
A Rear-Admiral;
And received ſeveral other Marks
Of Favour, and Eſteem, from her Majeſty,
And from her Royal-Conſort Prince GEORGE
Of *Denmark*,
Lord High-Admiral of *England*.

To the Memory of the Author's Father, and of his other Anceſtors.

Unmark'd by Trophies of the Great and Vain,
Here ſleep in ſilent Tombs a gentle Train:
No Folly waſted their paternal Store,
No Guilt, nor ſordid Av'rice, made it more!
With honeſt Fame, and ſober Plenty crown'd,
Thus liv'd and ſpread their chearing Infl'ence round.
May he whoſe Hand this pious Tribute pays,
Receive a like Return of filial Praiſe.

On JOHN DIGBY, *Earl of* Briſtol.

Here lyes
JOHN, Lord *Digby*, Baron *Digby* of *Sherborne*,
And Earl of *Briſtol*.
Titles to which
The Merit of his Grandfather firſt gave Luſtre;
And which he himſelf
Laid down unſullyed.
He was naturally inclined to avoid
The Hurry of a publick Life;
Yet careful to keep up the Port of his Quality;
Was willing to be at Eaſe, but ſcorn'd Obſcurity,
And therefore never made his Retirement a Pretence
To draw himſelf within a narrower Compaſs,
Or to ſhun ſuch Expence
As Charity, Hoſpitality, and his Honour
Call'd for.

His Religion was that
Which by LAW is eſtabliſhed,
And the Conduct of his Life
Shewed the Power of it in his Heart;
His Diſtinction from others
Never made him forget himſelf or them.
He was kind and obliging to his Neighbours,
Generous and condeſcending to his Inferiours,
And juſt to all Mankind:
Nor had the Temptations
Of Honour and Pleaſure in this World,
Strength enough to withdraw his Eyes
From that great Object of his Hope,
Which we reaſonably aſſure Ourſelves
He now enjoys.

He died Sept. 12, An. Dom. MDCICVIII.

[*Sherborne, Dorſetſhire.*]

On NICHOLAS HOOKES, *Eſq*;

Here lieth the Body
Of NICHOLAS HOOKES, of *Conway*, Gentleman.
Who was the one and fortieth Child of his Father
WILLIAM HOOKES, Eſq; by ALICE his Wife;
And the Father of Twenty-ſeven Children.

He died the 20th of *March* 1637.

This

This Inſcription was reviv'd in 1720, at the Charge of JOHN HOOKES, Eſq;

[*Conway, Caernarvonſhire.*]

On Sir JOHN LEAKE, *Knt. Rear-Admiral.*

To the Memory of
The Honourable Sir JOHN LEAKE, Knt.
Rear-Admiral of *Great-Britain*,
And Commander in Chief
Of her late Majeſty Queen ANNE's Fleet:
And
One of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty.
Who departed this Life, 21ſt Aug. 1720,
Ætat. 64 Years, one Month, and 17 Days.
Who
Anno 1689, in the *Dartmouth*,
By engaging *Kilmore Caſtle*,
Reliev'd
The City of *Londonderry*, in *Ireland*.
Alſo,
In the Year 1702, with a Squadron at *Newfoundland*,
He took and deſtroy'd
Fifty-one Sail of *French*, together with all their Settlements.
Anno 1704, he forced the Van of the *French* Fleet
At the *Malaga* Engagement;
Retriev'd *Gibraltar* twice,
Burning and taking

Thirteen Sail of *French* Men of War.
Likewiſe,
In the Year 1706, reliev'd *Barcelona*,
The preſent Emperor of *Germany*
Being beſieg'd therein,
By PHILIP of *Spain*:
And took 90 Sail of Corn Ships.
The ſame Year taking the Cities of *Carthagena*,
And *Alicant*,
With the Iſlands of
Ivica, *Majorca*, *Sardinia*, and *Minorca*.

[*St. Dunſtan*'s, *Stepney*.]

On JOHN RAY.

The mortal Part of the moſt learned
JOHN RAY, A. M.
Is depoſited in this narrow Tomb;
But his Writings
Are not confined to one Nation;
And his Fame, every where moſt illuſtrious,
Renders them immortal.
Formerly,
He was Fellow of *Trinity College* in *Cambridge*,
And of the Royal Society in *London*;
A ſingular Ornament of both.
In every Kind of Science, as well Divine as Human,
Moſt expert;
And like a SOLOMON,
(To whom alone perhaps he was inferior)
From

From the Cedar to the Hyſſop,
From the largeſt of Animals, to the ſmalleſt Inſects,
He arrived at a conſummate Knowledge.
And not only did he
Moſt accurately diſcourſe of Plants,
Spread over the Face of the whole Earth,
But making a moſt ſtrict Search into its moſt
Inmoſt Bowels,
Whatever deſerved Diſcuſſion through all Nature
He deſcribed.
While on his Travels Abroad,
He diligently diſcovered
What had eſcaped the Obſervation of Others;
And firſt brought to Light,
Many things moſt worthy of Remark.
Farther than this,
He was endowed
With ſo unaffected a Manner of Behaviour,
That he was Learned without Pedantry;
Of a ſublime Genius!
And at the ſame time, (which is rarely known)
Of an Humble and Modeſt Diſpoſition:
Not diſtinguiſhed by an illuſtrious Extraction,
But, what is greater,
By his own Virtue.
Little ſollicitous about obtaining Wealth and Titles,
He choſe rather to deſerve
Than poſſeſs them.
Content with his own Lot,
He grew Old in a private Station;
Worthy of more ample Fortune:
In every other Reſpect, he readily obſerved Moderation,
In Study none.

To conclude,
To all theſe Perfections,
He added a Piety free from Artifice,
Bearing an entire and hearty Veneration
For the Church of *England:*
Which he confirmed with his laſt Breath.
Thus happily, in a virtuous Retirement,
Lived he, whom the preſent Age reveres,
And
Poſterity will admire!

[*Black Notley, Eſſex.*]

By Mr. HENRY FIELDING.

Here lies,
In Expectation of a joyful Riſing,
The Body of
C—— J—— B——
London
Had the Honour of his Birth,
Oxford
Of his Education:
His Parts
Were an Honour to his Profeſſion,
And to his Country;
His Life to his Religion,
And Human Nature.
He was a dutiful Son,
A tender Huſband,
An affectionate Father,

A ſincere

A ſincere Friend,
A devout Chriſtian,
And a good Man.

His inconſolable Widow
Hath erected this Stone,
The Monument of
His Virtues,
And of her Affection.

On JOHN TURNER, *D. D.**

Near this Monument lies the mortal Part of
JOHN TURNER, D. D.
A Man for Piety, Learning, and Sweetneſs of Life
Remarkable.
An indefatigable Aſſertor of the Rights
Of the Church of *England*;
The Doctrine of the Redemption of our
Bleſſed Saviour:
A faithful Subject, and truly Loyal to his Prince.
Born at *Uttoxeter*, in the County of *Stafford*,
On the 6th Day of November 1660,
And, educated firſt in that Country,
Afterwards proſecuted his Studies
At *Trinity-College*, *Cambridge*:
He purſued Learning,
And having attained it,
Embelliſhed it with Rewards and Honours:
He was moſt Learned.

Maſter

Maſter of a School at *Blackheath*,
And faithful Paſtor of *Greenwich*:
By Favour of the Biſhop of *Lincoln*, he was Canon of *Lincoln*.
And by the King's Favour,
Of this Metropolitan of *Canterbury*.
He took to Wife, SARAH TUCKER,
A Clergyman's Daughter in *Suffolk*,
Who bare him one Son, and three Daughters.
At length
(Nothing here being firm and ſtable)
He died of a Fever in his Houſe at *Canterbury*,
The 7th of December 1720,
Aged 60 Years.

His Widow, in pious Regard, erected this Monument.

[*Canterbury Cathedral.*]

On JOHN *Duke of* Buckinghamſhire.

Written by Himſelf.

Tranſlated from Latin, by Dr. FIDDIES.

Much for the Prerogative, ever for my Country:
I liv'd irregular, not profligate;
Tho' going to a State unknown, I die reſign'd.
Frailty and Ignorance attend on Human Life;
Religiouſly I worſhip CHRIST, in GOD confide,
Almighty and moſt merciful!

O Thou

O Thou Principal of all Beings, and firſt of all Cauſes, have Compaſſion on me!

On the ſame. *

Sacred to the Memory of
JOHN SHEFFYLDE,
Of the Honourable Family of the SHEFFYLDES,
Which has continued
In an uninterrupted Male Succeſſion,
From the Reign of HENRY the 3d, to this Time,
Duke of *Buckinghamſhire*,
Marquis of *Normanby*, Earl of *Mulgrave*,
Baron SHEFFYLDE, of *Botterwyke*,
And Knight of the Garter.
His firſt Wife was
URSULA, Counteſs of *Conway*;
His ſecond, CATHERINE, Counteſs of *Gainſborough*;
His third, CATHERINE, Counteſs of *Angleſea*,
Daughter of King JAMES the Second,
And CATHERINE SEDLEY, Counteſs of *Dorcheſter*,
Who, to his great Satisfaction, bore him
SOPHIA, JOHN, ROBERT, HENRIETTA MARIA,
(All now in the Manſions of bleſſed Spirits)
And EDMUND,
The only ſurviving Comfort to his afflicted Mother.
In the Reign of King CHARLES the Second,
He was Colonel of the *Holland* Regiment,
Governor of *Hull*,
And a Lord of the Bed-chamber:

In

In that of King JAMES,
Lord-Chamberlain:
And by Queen ANNE was made
Lord Privy-Seal, and Preſident of the Council.
During Fifty-four Years,
He diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the Houſe of Peers
With no leſs Wiſdom than Eloquence,
In the Diſcuſſion of public Affairs;
And, amidſt a gradual Decay of his Body,
The admirable Vigour of his Mind
Held out to the laſt Gaſp!
Which was on the 24th of Feb. 1720, in the 75th Year of his Age.

This Monument was erected by Order of
CATHERINE, Dutcheſs of *Buckinghamſhire*,
His ſorrowful Relict. 1722.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On JAMES, *Earl* Stanhope.*

Sacred to the Memory of that valuable Man,
JAMES, Earl *Stanhope*,
Who, for his various Endowments,
Was gradually promoted to various Honours.
He very early entered into a military Life,
And regularly paſſed thro' its ſeveral Degrees
To the chief Command.
His Preferments were never envied.
Of his Actions as a General,

Spain

Spain is a Witneſs;
And Medals record their Memory:
Nor was his Reputation leſs in Civil Affairs,
For in all the eminent Poſts,
To which the Service of his Country called him,
(And they were many)
He manifeſted equal Wiſdom, and Integrity;
And both in a ſupreme Degree.
As Secretary of State,
He projected and accompliſhed,
Several important Alliances;
And when at the Head of the Treaſury,
He maintained the public Credit,
By his Addreſs in procuring an Abatement of Intereſt.

Nervous, and vivid in his Expreſſions,
He influenced the Paſſions
Of both Houſes of Parliament;
Yet, in the moſt animated Flow of Eloquence,
His Judgment always kept Pace with his Vehemence.
Theſe Military and Civil Abilities,
Were accompanied
With a moſt generous Sweetneſs of Temper,
And Skill in polite Literature;
Which was his frequent Relaxation,
After the Intenſeneſs of State Affairs.

But, on the 5th of Feb. 1720,
Being only in the 48th Year of his Age,
Death deprived the Nation of his perſonal Utility,
The Revival of which may be expected
In his hopeful Iſſue.

As

As the laſt Sign of her conjugal Love,
And to the Memory of her dear Lord,
Who had the Honour of a public Funeral,
LUCY,
The worthy Relict of this great Perſon,
Ordered on her Death-bed,
This Monument, and Statue, to be erected.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

*(On the ſame Monument is the following Inſcription *)*

Here alſo are the Remains of
GEORGE STANHOPE,
Second Son of
JAMES Earl STANHOPE,
Who was Lieutenant Colonel of a Regiment,
(Which he held near Five Years)
But reſigned in the Year 1747-8.
And died privately March 24, 1754.
In the 37th Year of his Age.
Perhaps few Men lov'd their Country more,
And certainly he was the moſt excellent Friend.
In the Year 1743,
In the Preſence of his King,
He fought bravely at *Dettingen*;
In the Year 1745-6.
He was at the Repulſion of the Enemy at *Falkirk*;
In the Year 1746,
He had a Share in the Victory at *Culloden*;
In the Year 1747,

Behaving

Behaving with Honour, he was wounded at *Lafeldt*.
This was inſcribed to his Memory by the Order of
His Brother
PHILIP Earl STANHOPE.

On King WILLIAM *the* IIId.

By Dr. Iſaac Watts.

Beneath theſe Honours of a Tomb,
Greatneſs in humble Ruin lies:
(How Earth confines in narrow Room
What Heroes leave beneath the Skies!)

Preſerve, O venerable Pile!
Inviolate thy ſacred Truſt;
To thy cold Arms the *Britiſh* Iſle,
Weeping, commits her richeſt Duſt.

Ye gentle Miniſters of Fate!
Attend the Monarch as he lies,
And bid the ſofteſt Slumbers wait,
With ſilken Cords, to bind his Eyes.

Reſt his dear Sword beneath his Head,
Round him his faithful Arms ſhall ſtand;
Fix his bright Enſigns on his Bed,
The Guards and Honours of our Land.

The

The Siſter Arts of Paint and Verſe,
Place ALBION fainting by his Side!
Her Groans ariſing o'er the Hearſe,
And *Belgia* ſinking when he dy'd.

High o'er the Grave Religion ſet
In ſolemn Gold; pronounce the Ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd Feet,
And plant her Guardian Virtues round.

Fair Liberty in Sables dreſt,
Write his lov'd Name upon his Urn,
"WILLIAM, the Scourge of Tyrants paſt,
"And Awe of Princes yet unborn."

Sweet Peace his ſacred Reliques keep,
With Olives blooming round her Head;
And ſtretch her Wings acroſs the Deep,
To bleſs the Nations with the Shade.

Stand on the Pile, Immortal Fame!
Broad Stars adorn thy brighteſt Robe,
Thy Thouſand Voices ſound his Name,
In ſilver Accents, round the Globe.

Flatt'ry ſhall faint beneath the Sound,
While hoary Truth inſpires the Song;
Envy grow pale and bite the Ground,
And Slander gnaw her forky Tongue.

Night and the Grave remove your Gloom,
Darkneſs becomes the vulgar Dead;
But Glory bids the Royal Tomb
Diſdain the Horrors of a Shade.

Glory, with all her Lamps, ſhall burn!
And watch the Warrior's ſleeping Clay,
'Till the laſt Trumpet rouze his Urn
To aid the Triumphs of the Day.

On the ſame.

King WILLIAM the Third,
Who, by his Virtue and Conſtancy,
Having ſaved his Country from a Foreign Maſter,
By a bold and generous Enterprize,
Preſerved the Liberty and Religion
Of *Great-Britain.*

[*Stow, Buckinghamſhire.*]

On SAMUEL BUTLER. *

Sacred to the Memory of
SAMUEL BUTLER,
Who was born
At *Strenſham*, in *Worceſterſhire*, 1612,
And died at *London*, 1680,

A Man

A Man
Of uncommon Learning, Wit, and Probity:
As admirable for the Product of his Genius,
As unhappy in the Rewards of them.
His Satire,
Expoſing the Hypocriſy and Wickedneſs of the Rebels,
Is ſuch an inimitable Piece,
That as he was the Firſt,
He may ſaid to be alſo the laſt Writer,
In his peculiar Manner.
That he,
Who when Living wanted almoſt every Thing,
Might not after Death,
Any longer want ſo much as a Tomb,

JOHN BARBER,
Citizen of *London* erected this Monument, 1721.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On JOHN BARBER, *Eſq*;

Under this Stone are the Remains of
JOHN BARBER, Eſq;
Alderman of *London*.
A conſtant Benefactor to the Poor;
True to his Principles in Church and State.
He preſerved his Integrity, and diſcharged the Duty
Of an upright Magiſtrate,
In the moſt corrupt Times.

Zealous

Zealous for the Rights of his Fellow-Citizens,
He oppoſed all Attempts againſt them;
And, being Lord-Mayor of *London*,
In the Year 1733,
Was greatly inſtrumental in defeating
A Scheme of *a General Exciſe:*
Which (had it ſucceeded)
Would have put an End to the *Liberties of his Country.*

He departed this Life Jan. 2d, 1740, Aged 65.

[*Mortlake, Surry.*]

On WILLIAM OUTRAM.*

Near this Place is interred
WILLIAM OUTRAM, S. T. P.
Of the County of *Derby*,
Fellow of *Trinity* and *Chriſt-Church* College in *Cambridge*,
Canon of this Church, and Archdeacon of *Leiceſter*.
He was a conſummate Divine,
A nervous and accurate Writer,
A good and conſtant Preacher,
Firſt in *Lincolnſhire*, afterwards in *London*,
And, laſtly, at *St. Margaret's, Weſtminſter*,
Where he ended his Life with great Praiſe,
And not leſs Benefit.
Among ſo many Labours and Contentions of Mind,
Whilſt, fired with the Study of ſacred Writ and
The Holy Fathers,

He

He was ſeized with Fits of the Gravel:
And being by them for a conſiderable Time much afflicted,
And at laſt quite broken,
He patiently departed this Life the 23 Aug. 1679,
Aged 54.

After a long Courſe of Religious Old-Age,
And 42 Years of Widowhood,
Here reſts JANE OUTRAM, Wife of
WILLIAM OUTRAM, S.T.P.
On Account of her well-ordered Life,
Piety to GOD, Faith to Friends, and Charities to the Poor,
She might well be deemed an Example to the Living,
Beloved by Heaven,
Endeared to Many,
And praiſed by All.
She died the 4th of Oct. 1721.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Dean WICKART.

JOHN WICKART, D. D.
Dean of *Wincheſter*, and Canon of *Windſor*,
Whoſe happy Genius, and Education,
Rendered him, thro' the whole Courſe of his Life,
Moſt agreeable in Converſation,
As well among Men of Quality, as Men of Letters,
And diſtinguiſh'd him in the Favour

Of

Of a great and diſcerning Prince;
Whoſe Station in the Church,
Gave him Opportunities of approving himſelf
An excellent Governor, and an eminent Preacher,
Whoſe many ſociable, and Chriſtian Virtues,
Wherever he was known,
Made him greatly beloved, and highly eſteemed,
Lyeth here interred.
Where alſo was bury'd his Wife SUSANNA WICKART,
Daughter of Sir JOHN COLLADON;
And, by her Mother's Side,
Grand Niece to THEODORE MAYERNE.
She died the 8th of Jan. 1717.
And he the 29th Jan. 1721, in the 71ſt Year of his Age.

[*Windſor, Berkſhire.*]

On MATHEW PRIOR, *Eſq*;*

Whilſt he was planning a Hiſtory of his own Times,
A ſlow Fever put an End to his Life;
September 18, 1721, in the 57th Year of his Age.

The accompliſhed Perſon, who is here interred,
Was Secretary to King WILLIAM and Queen MARY,
At the Congreſs of the Confederates
Held at the *Hague*, 1690,
To the *Britiſh* Embaſſy
At the Peace of *Ryſwick*, 1697,

To that in *France* the Year following,
And likewiſe the ſame Year, in 1698, in *Ireland*.
In 1700, he was appointed a Commiſſioner of
Trade and Plantations,
And in 1711 of the Cuſtoms.
In 1711, he was ſent by Queen ANNE
(Of glorious Memory)
As Plenipotentiary
To LEWIS the 14th, King of *France*,
For confirming that Peace which ſtill continues,
And of which all good Men
Wiſh the Continuation.
MATHEW PRIOR, Eſq;
Whoſe Learning, Wit, and Humanity,
Did him more Honour, than all the Poſts
Which he filled with ſo much Applauſe.

His natural Inclination to Learning,
Received its Poliſh in the School near this Abbey:
The ſuperior Sciences he ſtudied, with diſtinguiſhed
Succeſs,
At *St. John*'s-*College* in *Cambridge*;
And theſe Advantages were compleated
By the Converſation of eminent Perſons.
With ſuch a Genius, and Education,
He perſevered in cultivating the MUSES;
And, after the ſerioufneſs of Politics,
Uſed to relax his Mind,
In the Amenities of polite Literature.
Happy in all kinds of Poetry,
In Tales unequalled;
And theſe were rather eaſy Entertainments

Than

Than laboured Compoſitions.
This appeared more Conſpicuous to his Acquaintance,
From his Facility, Copiouſneſs,
And Elegancy in Converſation,
Which was neither ſtiff or forced;
But all ſeemed to flow
From an exuberant natural Source;
Which has left it a Queſtion,
Whether he was a better Poet, or Companion?

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On THOMAS DEACON, *Eſq*;

Sacred to the Memory of
THOMAS DEACON, Eſq;
A Native of this City,
Sometime High-Sheriff of this County.
A Perſon,
Eminent for his Morality and good Life;
A true Son of the eſtabliſhed Church,
A conſtant Attendant
On her Worſhip and Service.
His Piety conſiſted, not in empty Profeſſion,
But in Sincerity, and unaffected Truth.
He had an ample Eſtate,
Which he fairly acquir'd by an honeſt Induſtry,
Managed with excellent Prudence,
And diſpoſed of, to laudable Purpoſes.

His Charities
(Even in his Life-time)
Were very large, extenſive, and exemplary,
Of which, he has left
A laſting Monument in this City,
By founding a Charity-School,
And endowing it with a Freehold Eſtate,
Of above One Hundred and Sixty Pounds, per Ann.
And alſo, by ſettling another Eſtate
Of Twenty-five Founds, per Ann.
For a conſtant annual Diſtribution of Alms,
To poor antient Inhabitants of this City.

Having thus laid up Store to himſelf,
A good Foundation againſt the Time to come,
He quietly departed this Life,
On the 19th Day of Auguſt,
Anno Ætatis 70, Domini 1721,

To whoſe Memory,
As an Inſtance of her conjugal Affection,
MARY, his ſorrowful Relict,
Cauſed this Monument to be erected.

[*Peterborough Cathedral.*]

On

On HENRY LUMLEY, *Esq*;

Here lieth
The Honourable HENRY LUMLEY, Esq;
Only Brother to
THOMAS, Earl of *Scarborough:*
Who was at every Battle, and in every Siege,
As Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, or General of the Horse,
With
King WILLIAM, or the Duke of *Marlborough*,
In Twenty Campaigns,
In *Ireland*, *Flanders*, and *Germany*.
Where he was
Honoured, Esteemed, and Beloved,
By our own Armies,
By our Allies,
And even by the Enemies,
For his singular Politeness and Humanity,
As well as for all his
Military Virtues and Capacity.

He sate long in Parliament,
Always zealous for the Honour of the Crown,
And
For the good of his Country;
And knew no Party, but that of
Truth, Justice, and Honour.

He died Governor of the *Isle of Jersey*,

The 18th of Oct. 1722,
In the 63d Year of his Age.

[*Shabſworth, Hertfordſhire.*]

On JOHN, *Duke of* Newcaſtle.

JOHN HOLLES,
Duke of *Newcaſtle*, Marquiſs and Earl of *Clare*,
Baron *Houghton* of *Houghton*,
And Knight-Companion of the moſt noble Order of
The Garter,
Whoſe Body is here depoſited,
Under the ſame Roof with many of his noble
Anceſtors and Relations
Of the Families of VERE, CAVENDISH, and HOLLES,
Whoſe eminent Virtues he inherited,
And was particularly diſtinguiſhed
For his Courage, Love to his Country, and Conſtancy in
Friendſhip;
Which Qualities he exerted
With great Zeal and Readineſs;
Whenever the Cauſe of Religion, his Country, or Friends,
Required him.

In the Reign of Queen ANNE,
He filled, with great Capacity and Honour,
The ſeveral Employments
Of Lord-Keeper of the Privy-Seal,

And

And
Privy-Councellor;
Lord-Lieutenant, and Cuſtos Rotulorum
Of *Middleſex* and *Nottingham*,
And of the County of the Town of *Nottingham*,
And of the Eaſt and North Ridings
Of the County of *York*;
Lord Chief Juſtice in *Eyre*, North of *Trent*,
And Governor of the Town and Fort of
Kingſton upon Hull.

To all which Titles, and Honours,
His perſonal Merit gave a Luſtre
That needed not the Addition
Of the great Wealth which he poſſeſſed.

He was born the 9th of January, 1661-2, and dyed
The 15th of July, 1711.

He married the Lady MARGARET, third Daughter
And Heir
To HENRY CAVENDISH, Duke of *Newcaſtle*;
By whom, he left only one Child,
The Lady HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES HARLEY,
Who cauſed this Memorial of him to be here erected,
In the Year of our Lord 1723.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On THOMAS WATSON WENTWORTH.

The Honourable
THOMAS WATSON WENTWORTH,
Third Son of EDWARD, Lord *Rockingham*,
By ANNE, eldeſt Daughter of THOMAS Earl of *Strafford*,
Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*.
He ſucceeded to the antient Eſtate of the WENTWORTH Family,
By the laſt Will of his Uncle, WILLIAM Earl of *Strafford*.

He married ALICE, the only Daughter of
Sir THOMAS PROBY
Of *Eaton* in *Huntingdonſhire*;
By whom he had one Son, THOMAS Lord *Malton*,
And Two Daughters, who died in their Infancy.

He departed this Life at *Harrowden* in *Northamptonſhire*,
October the 6th, 1723, *Ætat.* 58.

His Virtues were equal to his Deſcent;
By Abilities he was form'd for publick,
By Inclination determined for private, Life;
If that Life can be called private, which was daily Employ'd
In ſucceſſive Acts of Benificence to the Publick.
He was in Religion exemplary, in the Senate impartial,
In Friendſhip ſincere,
In Domeſtic Relation
The beſt Husband, the moſt indulgent Father.

His

His juſtly-afflicted Relict, and Son,
THOMAS, Lord *Malton*,
To tranſmit the Memory of ſo great Worth, to future Times,
Erected this Monument.

[*York Cathedral.*]

On PENELOPE VERNON.

By Mr. Ambroſe Phillips.

Within this Burial-Vault, near this Marble,
Lieth the Body of PENELOPE,
Youngeſt Daughter
(And Coheir with her Siſter ELIZABETH)
To ROBERT PHILLIPS, of *Newton-Regis*,
In the County of *Warwick*, Eſquire.
She died in her Six-and-Thirtieth Year,
On the 25th of January, 1726.

Let this Inſcription
(Appealing yet to Teſtimonies Manifold)
Recal to every ſurviving Witneſs,
And, for enſample, to record to Poſterity
Her Endowments:
Whether owing to the Indulgency of Nature,
Or to the aſſiduous Leſſons of Education,

Or to the ſilent Admonitions of Reflection.
To her Parents, Huſband, Children,
In no Care, no Duty, no Affection,
Was ſhe wanting.
Receiving, Deſerving, Winning,
From them reſpectively
Equal Endearments.
Of Countenance, and of Diſpoſition,
Open, Chearful, Modeſt:
Of Behaviour, Humble, Courteous, Eaſy;
Of Speech, Affable, Free, Diſcreet.
In Civilities Punctual, Sincere, and Elegant;
Prone to Offices of Kindneſs and Good-will;
To Enmity a Stranger;
Forward, earneſt, and impatient
To ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd,
To comfort the Afflicted:
Solicitous for the Poor,
And rich in Store of Alms;
Whereby ſhe became
The Delight, the Love, the Bleſſing of All.

In her Houſe, flouriſhed
Chearfulneſs, due Order, Thrift, and Plenty:
In the Cloſet retired,
In the Temple publick,
Morning and Evening did ſhe worſhip;
By Inſtruction, by Example,
Sedulous to nurture her Children in Godlineſs.

So prevalent her Love to them,
Viſited with that ſore Diſeaſe

Which

Which too often kills, or blites
The Mother's fondeſt Hopes,
That (regardleſs of Self-preſervation)
In piouſly watching over their Lives,
She, catching the Infection, loſt her own.

Triumphing, through Reſignation,
Over Sickneſs, Pain, Anguiſh, Agony,
And encompaſſed with Tears, and Lamentations,
Expiring in the Fervour of Prayer.

To the Memory,
Ever-dear and precious,
Of his moſt affectionate, moſt beloved, and
Moſt deſerving Wife,
Is this Monument raiſed,
By
HENRY VERNON, of *Hilton*,
In the County of *Stafford*, Eſquire.

To him ſhe bore Five Sons, and Two Daughters,
All ſurviving, ſave ELIZABETH,
Who, dying in her ſecond Year,
Of the Small-Pox ſome few Days before,
Reſteth by her Mother.

On KATHERINE BOVEY.

To the Memory of
Mrs. KATHERINE BOVEY,
Whoſe perſonal Underſtanding would have become
The higheſt Rank in Female Life,
And whoſe Vivacity would have recommended her
In the beſt Converſation;
But by Judgment, as well as Inclination,
She choſe ſuch a Retirement as gave her Opportunities
For Reading and Reflection:
Which ſhe made Uſe of to the wiſeſt Purpoſes
Of Improvement, of Knowledge, and Religion.
Upon other Subjects,
She ventured far out of the common Way of thinking;
But, in Religious Matters,
She made the Holy Scriptures, in which ſhe was well Skilled,
The Rule and Guide of her Faith and Actions:
Eſteeming it more ſafe to rely upon the plain Word of GOD,
Than to run into any Freedoms of Thought upon Reveal'd Truths.
The great Share of Time allowed to the Cloſet,
Was not perceived in her Œconomy;
For ſhe had always a well-ordered, and well inſtructed Family,
From the happy Influence, as well of her Temper And Conduct,
As of her uniform and exemplary Chriſtian Life.

It

It pleaſed God to bleſs her with a conſiderable Eſtate,
Which, with a liberal Hand, and guided by Wiſdom
And Piety,
She employed to his Glory, and the good of her
Neighbours.
Her domeſtic Expences,
Were managed with a Decency, and Dignity,
Suitable to her Fortune;
But with a Frugality, that made her Income abound
To all proper Objects of Charity.
To the Relief of the Neceſſitous, the Encouragement of
The Induſtrious,
And Inſtruction of the Ignorant,
She diſtributed not only with Chearfulneſs, but with Joy:
And, upon ſome Occaſions,
Of raiſing and refreſhing the Spirits of the Afflicted,
She could not refrain breaking out into Tears,
Flowing from a Heart thoroughly affected
With Compaſſion and Benevolence.

Thus did many of her good Works, while ſhe lived,
Go up as a Memorial before God,
And ſome ſhe left to follow her.

She died Jan. 21, 1726-7, in the 57th Year of her Age,
At *Flaxley*, her Seat in *Glouceſterſhire*, and was buried
There:
Where her Name will be long remembered,
And where ſeveral of her Benefactions at that Place,
As well as others, are more particularly recorded.

This

This Monument was erected, with the utmoſt Reſpect,
To her Memory, by her Executrix Mrs. MARY POPE,
Who lived with her Forty Years
In perfect Friendſhip, never once interrupted,
'Till her much-lamented Death.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On CHARLES GODOLPHIN, *Eſq*;

Here reſts, in Hopes of a bleſſed Reſurrection,
CHARLES GODOLPHIN, Eſq;
Brother to the Right Honourable
SYDNEY, Earl of GODOLPHIN,
Lord High Treaſurer of *Great-Britain*,
Who died July the 10th, 1720, Aged 69,
And Mrs. GODOLPHIN, his Wife,
July the 29th, 1726, Aged 63.

Whoſe excellent Qualities, and Endowments,
Can never be forgotten:
Particularly the Public-ſpirited Zeal
With which he ſerved his Country in Parliament,
And the indefatigable Application,
Great Skill, and nice Integrity,
With which he diſcharg'd
The Truſt of a Commiſſioner of the Cuſtoms,
For many Years.

Nor

Nor was ſhe leſs eminent
For her Ingenuity, Wit, Senſe, Love of her Friends,
And Conſtancy in Religious Worſhip.

But as Charity, and Benevolence,
Were the diſtinguiſhing Parts of their Characters,
So were they moſt conſpicuouſly diſplayed
By the laſt Act of their Lives.

A Pious and Charitable Inſtitution
By him deſigned and ordered,
And by her compleated;
To the Glory of GOD,
And for a bright Example to Mankind.

In perpetual Memory whereof,
Mrs. FRANCES HALL,
Executrix to her Aunt, Mrs. GODOLPHIN,
Has, according to her Will, and by her Order,
Cauſed this Inſcription
To be engraven on their Monument, 1727.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On the Grandmother of Mrs. JONES, *of* Kanelly *in* Caermarthenſhire.

By Mr. Richard Savage.

In her, whoſe Reliques mark this ſacred Earth,
Shone! all domeſtic and all ſocial Worth;

Firſt

Firſt Heaven her Hope with early Offspring crown'd,
And thence a ſecond Race 'roſe num'rous round:
Heaven, to induſtrious Virtue, Bleſſing lent,
And all was Competence, and all Content:
Tho' frugal Care, in Wiſdom's Eye admir'd,
Knew to preſerve what Induſtry acquir'd;
Yet, at her Board, with decent Plenty bleſs'd,
The journeying Stranger ſate a welcome Gueſt;
Preſs'd on all Sides, did trading Neighbours fear
Ruin which hung on Exigence ſevere,
Farewell! the Friend! who ſpar'd the aſſiſtant Loan,
A Neighbour's Woe, or Welfare, was her own:
Did piteous Lazars oft attend her Door,
She gave --- farewell! the Parent of the Poor!
Youth, Age, and Want, once cheer'd, now ſighing ſwell,
Bleſs her lov'd Name, and weep a laſt farewell!

On PETER *the Great.**

Here, under depoſited,
Lies all that could die of a Man immortal,
PETER ALEXOWITZ;
It is almoſt ſuperflous to ſay,
Great Emperor of *Ruſſia*:
A Title,
Which, inſtead of adding to his Glory,
Became Glorious by his wearing it.
Let Antiquity be dumb,
Nor boaſt her ALEXANDER,
Or her CÆSAR.
How eaſy was Victory

To

To Leaders who were followed by Heroes!
And whoſe Soldiers felt a noble Diſdain
To be thought leſs awake than their Generals!
But he!
Who in this Place knew Reſt,
Found Subjects baſe and unactive,
Unwarlike, unlearned, untractable;
Neither covetous of Fame,
Nor liberal of Danger;
Creatures with the Name of Men,
But with Qualities rather Brutal than Rational:
Yet even theſe,
He poliſhed from their native Ruggedneſs;
And, breaking out like a new Sun,
To illuminate the Minds of a People,
Diſpelled their Night of hereditary Darkneſs!
'Till, by force of his invincible Influence,
He had taught them to Conquer,
Even the Conquerors of *Germany*.

Other Princes have commanded victorious Armies,
This Commander created them.

Bluſh, O Art!
At a Hero who ow'd thee Nothing!
Exult, O Nature!
For thine was this Prodigy.

On WILLIAM CROFT.*

Near this Place lies
WILLIAM CROFT, Doctor of Muſic,
And Organiſt of the Royal-Chappel and this Collegiate Church.

He happily derived Harmony from that excellent Maſter in Muſic (by whoſe ſide he is interred) Dr. BLOW;
And ſtudiouſly improved it by his own celebrated Compoſitions,
Many of which he Conſecrated to GOD.

He not only recommended himſelf to the Favour of Mankind
By the Solemnity of Muſical Numbers,
But alſo by his great Genius,
The Sweetneſs of his Manners,
And many amiable perſonal Qualifications.

During almoſt Fifty Years
He lived a Life of the greateſt Candour,
And was conſpicuous for no Office of Humanity more
Than his Friendſhip, and true paternal Affection
Towards thoſe whom he had inſtructed in his Art.

On the 14th of Aug. 1727,
He departed to the celeſtial Choir!
Where, among Angelic Concerts,
He joyfully mingles his Hallelujah!

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On

On DANIEL PULTNEY, *Esq*;

Reader,
If thou art a *Briton?*
Behold this Tomb with Reverence and Regret.
Here lie the Remains of
DANIEL PULTNEY!
The kindeſt Relation, the trueſt Friend,
The warmeſt Patriot, the worthieſt Man.
He exerciſed Virtues in this Age,
Sufficient to have diſtinguiſh'd him, even in the beſt.
Sagacious by Nature,
Induſtrious by Habit,
Inquiſitive with Art,
He gained a compleat Knowledge of the Intereſts of *Britain*,
Foreign and Domeſtic;
In moſt the backward Fruit of tedious Experience;
In him the early Acquiſition
Of undiſſipated Youth.
He ſerved the Crown ſeveral Years;
Abroad, in the auſpicious Reign
Of Queen ANNE;
At Home, in the Reign of that excellent
Prince, King GEORGE the Firſt.
He ſerved his Country always:
At Court independent!
In the Senate unbiaſſed!
At every Age, and in every Station,
This was the Bent of his generous Soul;

This

This the Buſineſs of his laborious Life.
Public Men, and public Things,
He judg'd by one common Standard,
The true Intereſt of *Britain*:
He made no other Diſtinction of Party,
He abhorred all other.
Gentle, Humane, Diſintereſted, Benificent,
He created no Enemies on his own Account;
Firm, determined, inflexible,
He feared none he could create in the Cauſe of *Britain*.

Reader!
In this Misfortune of thy Country,
Lament thy own;
For know,
The Loſs of ſo much private Virtue,
Is a public Calamity.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On ROBERT HUNTINGTON, *of* Stanton-Harcourt, *Eſq*; *and* ROBERT *his Son.*

By Mr. Congreve.

This peaceful Tomb does now contain,
Father and Son together laid;
Whoſe living Virtues ſhall remain,
When they, and this, are quite decay'd.

What

What Man ſhou'd be to Ripeneſs grown,
And finiſh'd Worth ſhou'd do or ſhun,
At full was in the Father ſhown,
What Youth cou'd promiſe in the Son.

But Death, obdurate, both deſtroy'd,
The perfect Fruit, and op'ning Bud;
Firſt ſeiz'd theſe Sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming Good.

On WILLIAM CONGREVE.

Mr. WILLIAM CONGREVE
Dyed Jan. 19, 1728, Aged 56,
And was buried near this Place.

To whoſe moſt valuable Memory,
This Monument is ſet up, by
HENRIETTA, Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*;
As a Mark how dearly ſhe remembers
The Happineſs, and Honour, ſhe enjoy'd
In the ſincere Friendſhip
Of ſo worthy, ſo honeſt a Man!
Whoſe Virtue, Candour, and Wit,
Gained him the Love and Eſteem
Of the preſent Age;
And whoſe Writings will be
The Admiration of the Future!

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Dr. HUGH CHAMBERLEN.*

HUGH CHAMBERLEN,
Son and Grandſon to HUGH and PETER CHAMBERLEN,
Both Phyſicians;
Was himſelf ſucceſsful in the Study,
And very ornamental to the Profeſſion of Phyſic.
For to the greateſt Skill, in his Art,
He added the ſtricteſt Fidelity in his Words and Actions;
A real Sincerity in Affection,
And a remarkable Sweetneſs in Manners.
Hence it was,
That among thoſe who acknowledged his Excellence
In both,
It was diſputed whether he was more acceptable to
Perſons
In a good or bad State of Health.
He was converſant with all Parts of Medicine,
But, more particularly, was famed for averting the
Dangers
Of Lying-in Women,
And curing the Diſorders incident to Children:
By which he has often reſtored
Only Heirs to illuſtrious Families,
And good Citizens to their beloved Country.
He uſed his utmoſt Endeavours to be ſerviceable to all,
And, it was therefore, when the Commonwealth was
Divided into Factions,
That he honoured, with his Friendſhip, even thoſe
Whoſe Sentiments he diſliked;

And

And willingly communicated to them
The Aſſiſtance of his Art.
He had ſo delicate a Taſte for the Elegancies of Life,
Was endowed with ſo exalted a Spirit,
So munificent a Diſpoſition,
And was bleſſed with a Perſon ſo graceful,
That you could not help believing
That he had ſome noble Author for his Origin;
And, indeed, you may trace his Family Four Hundred Years,
In a gradual Aſcent, to the antient Earls of
TANKERVILLE.

In the different (which he experienced) Conditions of Fortune,
He always kept his own with Decency:
Living with the Great he behaved with Grandeur;
With thoſe of an inferior Rank
Not Arrogantly, not Inhumanely:
Both he ſtudied to deſerve well of,
To both he was equally uſeful, and by both equally Beloved.
He was the Father of a Son and Three Daughters,
Happy in the Son for his dutiful Reſpect;
In the Daughters
(One of which he had by his firſt Wife, the other Two By his Second)
For their maternal Qualities, Goodneſs, and Chaſtity:
He lived moſt affectionate with his Family,
And was ſurvived by his Third Wife.

Theſe humane, and domeſtic Virtues,
Were, to the greateſt Degree, heightened

By

By a profound Veneration for the Divine Being:
Fully ſenſible of his approaching End,
He ſtood firm in the ſerious Contemplation of Heaven.

He bore with Reſolution the Languors of a lingering Illneſs;
And cloſing, by a true Chriſtian Death, a Life
Not diſſolutely, but uſefully ſpent,
Departed to taſte the Pleaſures of a glorious Immortality,
On the 17th of June, in the Year 1728, and 64th of his Age.

He certainly was worthy of a more advanced Age,
By whoſe Means many,
Who had otherwiſe died in their Birth,
May ſee their Days lengthened out to extreme old Age.

To this moſt upright, and friendly Man,
For bringing him ſafely into the World from the Womb
And for often reſtoring and confirming his Health,
EDMUND, Duke of *Buckinghamſhire*,
Raiſed this Monument.

Statues placed on both Sides, with other emblematical Figures,
Exhibit his illuſtrious Actions,
And how much he claims the Veneration and Remembrance of Poſterity.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On

On Doctor JOHN FRIEND.*

JOHN, the Son of JOHN,
JOHN FRIEND, M. D.
Chief Phyſician to her Majeſty Queen CAROLINE,
To whoſe diſcerning Judgment,
He was no ſooner known,
But he became more diſtinguiſhed in the Royal Favour,
Than he had been before
In an univerſal Reputation for his medical Knowledge.
He was
Of a courteous, generous, and ſocial Diſpoſition;
Himſelf, the moſt agreeable Companion,
And the firmeſt Friend;
By which
He ſometimes incurred no ſmall Danger.
Nobody was more ready to any kind Offices,
Nor more grateful for any done to him.

His Writings
Gained him an early Reputation,
As he had attained
To a moſt correct Purity, and Elegancy,
Both in *Latin* and *Engliſh*:
And that Eloquence
(The Study of which was a Part of his retired Hours)
He diſplay'd
With an admired Energy in the Senate.

With the polite Parts of Learning,
He had acquainted himſelf, both at Home and Abroad:

But his chief Attention,
Was judiciouſly employ'd
To perfect himſelf in his Profeſſion;
And, his Succeſs herein,
Let his Countrymen of all Ranks declare;
Whilſt Foreigners admire,
The vaſt Compaſs of his Learning!
And his Friends, with Tears, mention
His indefatigable Application, and ſympathizing
Tenderneſs.

That, amidſt ſuch continual Avocations,
Such numberleſs Viſits,
He ſhould have found Time to write,
Is moſt Amazing!

It was natural
That he ſhould not long hold out, under ſuch Fatigue;
Being only in his 52d Year when he died,
Which was on the 26th of July 1728.

He received his firſt Education in
Weſtminſter-School;
Which he improved at *Chriſt-Church-College, Oxon*;
And, in his maturer Years,
Was admitted
A Fellow of the *College of Phyſicians*,
And
Of the *Royal Society*.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On

On HENRY PAWSON.

HENRY PAWSON,
Son of ELIAS, and Grandſon of HENRY PAWSON,
Merchants and Citizens of *York*.
A worthy Son, of a moſt worthy Father,
Whoſe Civilities, Hoſpitalities, and Charities,
Not only in this Pariſh,
This City,
But the whole Country, were ſenſibly acquainted with.
Their Juſtice, and Integrity, ran parallel with their Trade;
Extenſive in all:
Nor, will it be Preſumption to add,
That, as this truly antient City never enrolled
A worthier Magiſtrate, than the Father;
So could it never boaſt a Citizen,
Of a more humane, and gentleman-like Diſpoſition,
Than the Son.

He married CATHERINE, the Daughter of
ROBERT FAIRFAX, of *Steeton*, Eſq;
By whom he had Six Children,
Of which, the eldeſt, and youngeſt Sons,
ROBERT, and HENRY, only ſurvived him.

He died Jan. 24, 1730. Aged 35 Years.

[*St. Mary the Elder, York.*]

On SAMUEL BRADFORD, *Biſhop of* Rocheſter. *

Oppoſite to this Place is buried
SAMUEL BRADFORD, D. D.
Who, after being many Years
Rector of *St. Mary-le-Bow* at *London*,
And ſometime Provoſt of *Chriſt's-College, Cambridge*,
Was made Biſhop of *Carliſle*:
He was afterwards advanced to the See of *Rocheſter*,
And Deanery of this Church,
And to be Dean to
The moſt Honourable Order of the *Bath*.

Whilſt his Health permitted,
He was a diligent Preacher,
Enforcing the Sanctity of his Precepts
By his Religious Deportment, and a venerable Piety.

In every Station,
And eſpecially in his paſtoral Function,
He was prudent, candid, and unexceptionable:
Tho' he did not want a proper Firmneſs,
His Temper was ſo equable,
That very ſeldom any Diſcompoſure,
Never any Anger, was obſerved in him.
He was at all Times an unbiaſſed Friend
To Chriſtian Charity, and civil Liberty.

The ſecret Charities (and great they were)
Of this humble, bountiful,

And

And truly evangelical Prelate,
He who ſeeth in Secret,
Will, in his own Time,
Publickly make known and reward.

He died May 17, A.D. 1731, and of his Age the 79th.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On GEORGE, *Lord* CARPENTER.

Here lies
The Right Honourable GEORGE Lord CARPENTER,
Colonel of his Majeſty's own Regiment of Dragoons,
Governor of the Iſland of *Minorca*,
Lieutenant-General and Commander in Chief
Of his Majeſties Fórces in *North-Britain*.
Deſcended
From an ancient Family in *Herefordſhire*,
And bred in Arms:
Having been 59 Years in the Army,
And paſſed through all Military Employments,
From a private Gentleman in the Horſe-Guards,
To the Rank in which he died,
By ſlow and gradual Promotions;
His Services always preceeding his Advancement.

He ſerved in the laſt Wars
Of *England*, with *France*;

In *Ireland*, *Flanders*, and *Spain*,
With
Honour and Reputation.
Was never abſent from his Poſt when there was any
Action,
Or
That Action was expected;
And was as remarkable for his great Humanity,
As for his Courage and Preſence of Mind
In Time of Service, and moſt imminent Danger.

By his Prudence, Integrity, and Evenneſs of Temper,
During the *Spaniſh* War,
He not only gained the Affections of his Countrymen,
But the Eſteem and Regard
Of the General of the Allies, and even the
Emperor himſelf;
To whom he was appointed
Envoy-Extraordinary, and Plenipotentiary, in 1715.

He married ALICE,
Daughter of the Lord CHARLEMONT;
By whom he left Iſſue
Only one Son,
Who erected this Monument
To the Memory of the beſt of Fathers.

Obiit. 10 Die Februaris 1731, Ætat. 74.

[*Owſelbury, Glouceſterſhire.*]

On

On WILLIAM WADE.

Here lies interred the Body of
Mr. WILLIAM WADE,
Who was remarkable for his Benevolence,
And true Chriſtian Temper.

He received his firſt Education at
Weſtminſter-School;
From whence he was elected to
Trinity-College in *Cambridge*;
Of which Society he afterwards became a Fellow:
And, in the Year 1720,
Was conſtituted one of the Canons of this Royal-Chapel.

He had Learning, and Abilities,
That might have raiſed him to the higheſt Stations in
The Church;
But ſuch was his Modeſty, and the Meekneſs of his Mind,
That he choſe rather to devote himſelf
To the Practice of all ſocial Virtues
In private Life.

He died at *Bath*, Feb. 1, 1732, in the 62d Year of his Age.

His moſt affectionate Brother, Lieutenant-General
GEORGE WADE,
Erected this Monument to his Memory.

[*Windſor, Berkſhire.*]

On the young Lord MOUNT-CASHEL.

By Mrs. Mary Barber.

Children are ſnatch'd away, ſometimes,
To puniſh Parents for their Crimes;
Thy Mother's Merit was ſo great
Heav'n haſten'd thy untimely Fate,
To make her Character complete:
Tho' many Virtues fill'd her Breaſt,
'Twas *Reſignation* crown'd the reſt.

On the Duke of BERWICK.

By Mr. J. Bancks.

In Act to combat, or the Foe ſurvey,
BERWICK, the Soldier, fell! A nobler Way
Fate could not lead, nor Virtue could explore,
Than what TURENNE had ſanctify'd before.
Equal in Camp, in Council, and in Fame,
Their Thirſt of Glory, and their Fall the ſame.
With equal Rev'rence be their Marble ſeen,
There the Firſt BERWICK! here the Laſt TURENNE!

On WILLIAM ARNOLD.

Near this Place is interred the Body of
WILLIAM ARNOLD, Gent. ob. Aug. 23, 1734,
Aged 25.

He was ſtrictly Pious,
Juſt, and boundleſs in his Charity;
Dutiful to his Parents,
Loving to his Relations, True to his Friend;
Humble, Modeſt, and good-natur'd to All.
In Painting he was a great Artiſt,
And had a fine Taſte to Muſic and Poetry:
His Loſs can never be enough lamented.

His Siſter, in Juſtice to his Memory,
Has erected this Monument.

[*St. Margaret's, Weſtminſter.*]

On NICHOLAS ROWE, *Eſq*;

By Mr. Pope.

To the Memory of
NICHOLAS ROWE, Eſq;
Who died in 1715, Aged 45;
And of
CHARLOTTA, his only Daughter,

Wife of
HENRY EARLE, Eſq;
Who, imitating her Father's Spirit,
And amiable
In her own Innocence and Beauty,
Died
In the 22d Year of her Age, 1739.

Thy Reliques, ROWE! to this ſad Shrine we truſt,
And near thy SHAKESPEAR, place thy honour'd Duſt.
Oh! next him ſkill'd to draw the tender Tear;
For never Heart felt Paſſion more ſincere:
To nobler Sentiment to fire the brave;
For never *Briton* more diſdain'd a Slave:
And bleſs'd! that timely from our Scenes remov'd,
Thy Soul enjoys that Liberty it lov'd.

To theſe ſo mourn'd in Death, ſo lov'd in Life,
The childleſs Parent, and the widow'd Wife,
With Tears inſcribes this monumental Stone,
That holds their Aſhes, and expects her own.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

Intended for the ſame.

By the ſame.

Thy Reliques, ROWE! to this fair Urn we truſt,
And ſacred place, by DRYDEN's aweful Duſt:
Beneath a rude and nameleſs Stone he lies,
To which thy Tomb ſhall guide enquiring Eyes.

Peace

Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endleſs Reſt;
Bleſs'd in thy Genius! in thy Love too bleſs'd;
One grateful Woman to thy Fame ſupplies,
What a whole thankleſs Land to his denies.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL, *Knt.*

By Mr. Pope.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL, Knt.
One of the Principal Secretaries of State
To King WILLIAM the 3d,
Who, having reſign'd his Place,
Died in his Retirement
At *Eaſt-Hampſted* in *Berkſhire*, 1716.

A pleaſing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profeſs'd,
Fix'd to one Side, but mod'rate to the reſt:
An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too,---
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true.
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth;
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth:
A Gen'rous Faith, from Superſtition free,
A Love to Peace, and Hate of Tyranny,
Such this Man was; who now, from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

On the Honourable SIMON HARCOURT, *only Son of the Lord Chancellor* Harcourt.

1720.

By Mr. Pope.

To this ſad Shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near:
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear;
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide;
Or gave the Father Grief, but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reaſon! Eloquence how weak!
If POPE muſt tell what HARCOURT cannot ſpeak!
Oh! let thy once lov'd Friend, inſcribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's Sorrows, mix his own.

[*Stanton-Harcourt, Oxfordſhire.*]

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER.*

By Mr. Pope.

Sacred to the Memory of
Sir GODFREY KNELLER,
Knight of the *Roman* Empire, and a Baronet of *England*;
Painter to the Kings
CHARLES 2, JAMES 2, WILLIAM 3, Queen ANNE, and
King GEORGE the Firſt.
He died Oct. 26, 1723, Aged 77.

KNELLER

KNELLER by Heav'n, and not a Maſter taught;
Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Picture Thought;
When now two Ages he had ſnatch'd from Fate,
Whate'er was Beauteous, or whate'er was Great;
Reſts crown'd with Princes Honours, Poets Lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of Praiſe.
Living, great NATURE fear'd he might outvie
Her Works; and dying, fears herſelf may die.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On JAMES CRAGGS, *Eſq;**

By Mr. Pope.

JAMES CRAGGS,
Privy-Councellor, and Secretary of State,
To the King of *Great-Britain:*
Equally eſteemed and beloved by
Prince and People.
As indifferent to Titles, as he was above Envy:
His Years were few, alas! too few for ſuch a Man;
Dying in the 35th Year of his Age,
On Feb. 16, 1720.

Stateſman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul ſincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour dear;
Who broke no Promiſe, ſerv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who loſt no Friend:

Ennobled

Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd;
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On ROBERT DIGBY, *Eſq*;

(On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY *and of his Siſter* MARY, *erected by their Father the Lord* DIGBY, 1724.*)*

By Mr. Pope.

Go, fair Example of untainted Youth!
Of modeſt Wiſdom, and pacific Truth:
Compos'd in Suff'rings, and in Joy ſedate;
Good without Noiſe, without Pretenſion great:
Juſt of thy Word; in every Thought ſincere;
Who knew no Wiſh but what the World might hear:
Of ſofteſt Manners, unaffected Mind,
Lover of Peace, and Friend of Human Kind.
Go, live! for Heav'n's eternal Year is thine:
Go, and exalt thy Mortal to Divine.

And, thou bleſs'd Maid, attendant on his Doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent Tomb;
Steer'd the ſame Courſe, to the ſame quiet Shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more.
Go, then! where only Bliſs ſincere is known:
Go! where to Love, and to enjoy, are one:

Yet

Yet take theſe Tears, Mortality's Relief,
And, 'till we ſhare your Joys, forgive our Grief:
Theſe little Rites, a Stone, a Verſe, receive;
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give.

[*Sherborne, Dorſetſhire.*]

On Mrs. CORBETT.

By Mr. Pope.

In Memory of
Mrs. ELIZABETH CORBETT,
Who departed this Life at *Paris*, March 1ſt, 1724,
After a long and painful Sickneſs.

She was Daughter of Sir UVEDALE CORBETT,
Of *Longnor* in the County of *Salop*, Bart.
By the Right Honourable the Lady MILDRED CECILL,
Who ordered this Monument to be erected.

Here reſts, a Woman, good without Pretence;
Bleſs'd with plain Reaſon, and with ſober Senſe:
No Conqueſt ſhe, but o'er herſelf deſir'd;
No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own;
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a Mind,
So firm, yet ſoft, ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd:

Heav'n

Heav'n as its pureſt Gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

Here lieth alſo interred, the Body of
The Right Honourable the Lady MILDRED HOTHAM;
Daughter
Of JAMES CECILL, late Earl of *Salisbury*,
Who died Jan. 15th, 1726-7.
She was firſt married to Sir UVEDALE CORBETT, Bt.
Her ſecond Huſband was
Sir CHARLES HOTHAM, of the County of *York*, Bt.

This Monument was finiſhed by her Son
Sir RICHARD CORBETT, Bart.

[*St. Margaret*'s, *Weſtminſter*.]

On CHARLES, *Earl of* Dorſet.

By Mr. Pope.

DORSET! the Grace of Courts, the Muſe's Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd!
The Scourge of Pride, tho' ſanctify'd or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State.
Yet ſoft his Nature, tho' ſevere his Lay;
His Anger moral, and his Wiſdom gay:
Bleſs'd Satyriſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
As ſhew'd Vice had his Hate and Pity too:
Bleſs'd Courtier! who cou'd King and Country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his Friendſhip and his Eaſe:

Bleſs'd

Bleſs'd Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry Grace,
Reflecting and reflected on his Race:
Where other BUCKHURST's, other DORSET's ſhine,
And Patriots ſtill, or Poets, deck the Line.

[*Wythyam, Suſſex.*]

On HENRY WITHERS, *Lieutenant-General.*

HENRY WITHERS,
Lieutenant-General,
Deſcended from a military Stock and bred in Arms,
In
Britain, Dunkirk, and *Tangier.*
Thro' the whole Courſe of the two laſt Wars
Of *England* with *France,*
He ſerved in the *Low-Countries* and in *Germany:*
Was preſent
At every Battle, and in every Siege;
And diſtinguiſh'd in all
By an Activity, a Valour, and Zeal,
Which Nature gave, and Honour improved.
A Love of Glory and of his Country
Animated and raiſed him, above that Spirit
Which the Trade of War inſpires,
A Deſire of acquiring Riches and Honour
By
The Miſeries of Mankind.

His Temper was humane,
His Benevolence univerſal;
And among all thoſe ancient Virtues,

Which

Which he preſerved in Practice and in Credit,
None was more remarkable,
Than
His Hoſpitality.

He died at the Age of 78 Years,
On the 11th of Nov. 1729.

To whom this Monument is erected,
By his Companion in the Wars,
And
His Friend thro' Life,
HENRY DESNEY.

On the ſame,

By Mr. Pope.

Here WITHERS reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt Mind;
Thy Country's Friend, but more of Human Kind:
O born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O ſoft Humanity in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a Tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the Sigh ſincere.
WITHERS adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial Spirit, or thy ſocial Love:
Amidſt Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave ſome ancient Virtues to our Age;
Nor let us ſay (thoſe *Engliſh* Glories gone)
The laſt true *Briton* lies beneath this Stone.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On

On Mr. Elijah Fenton.

1731.

By Mr. Pope.

This modeſt Stone! what few vain Marbles can,
May truly ſay, here lies an honeſt Man!
A Poet bleſs'd beyond the Poet's Fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the proud and great.
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe;
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace:
Calmly he look'd on either Life; and here,
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear:
From Nature's temp'rate Feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

[*Eaſt Hampſtead, Berkſhire.*]

On John Gay.

By Himſelf.

Life is a Jeſt, and all Things ſhow it:
I thought ſo once, but now I know it.

On

On the ſame.

By Mr. Pope.

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit a Man, Simplicity a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage;
Form'd to delight at once, and laſh the Age.
Above Temptation in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the Great.
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Belov'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are thy Honours, not that here thy Buſt
Is mix'd with Hero's, or with Kings thy Duſt;
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive Boſoms; here lies GAY!

Here lie the Aſhes of Mr. JOHN GAY,
The warmeſt Friend,
The gentleſt Companion,
The moſt benevolent Man:
Who maintained
Independency
In low Circumſtances of Fortune;
Integrity
In the midſt of a corrupt Age,
And that equal Serenity of Mind
Which conſcious Goodneſs alone can give.
Thro' the whole Courſe of his Life
Favourite of the MUSES,

He

He was led by them to every elegant Art;
Refin'd in Taſte,
And fraught with Graces all his own:
In various kinds of Poetry
Superior to many,
Inferior to none,
His Works continue to inſpire,
What his Example taught:
Contempt of Folly however adorn'd,
Deteſtation of Vice however dignified,
Reverence for Virtue however diſgrac'd,

CHARLES and CATHERINE Duke and Dutcheſs
Of *Queenſberry*,
Who loved this excellent Perſon living,
And reſpect him dead,
Have cauſed this Monument to be erected to his Memory.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On EDMUND, *Duke of* Buckingham.

Who died in the 17th Year of his Age. 1735.

By Mr. Pope.

If modeſt Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round;
Cou'd ſave a Parent's juſteſt Pride from Fate,
Or add one Patriot to a ſinking State!

This

This weeping Marble had not aſk'd thy Tear,
Or ſadly told how many Hopes lie here.
The living Virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd:
Yet ſofter Honours, and leſs Noiſe of Fame,
Attend the Shade of gentle BUCKINGHAM;
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
And Chiefs or Sages, long to *Britain* given,
Pays the laſt Tribute of a Saint to Heaven.

On Sir ISAAC NEWTON, *Knt.**

Here is depoſited
Sir ISAAC NEWTON, Knight;
Who, by the Light of Mathematical Learning, and
A Force of Mind almoſt Divine,
Firſt explained
The Motions and Figures of the Planets,
And Planetary Orbits;
Paths of the Comets, and Tides of the Ocean;
Diſcover'd, what no one before ever ſuſpected,
The Difference of the Rays of Light,
And the Diſtinction of Colours thence ariſing.
He was a diligent, penetrating, faithful Interpreter
Of Nature, of Antiquity, and the Holy Scripture.
By his Philoſophy, he aſſerted the Majeſty of God,
The greateſt and moſt glorious of all Beings;
And by his Morals expreſſed the Simplicity of the Goſpel.
Let Mortals congratulate themſelves

That

That there has been ſo Great, ſo Good a Man;
The Glory of the Human Race.

Born Dec. 25, 1642. and died in March, 1726.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On the ſame.

By Mr. Pope.

Nature, and Nature's Law, lay hid in Night:
God ſaid, "*Let* NEWTON *be*," and all was Light.

On the ſame.

Sir ISAAC NEWTON,
Whom the God of Nature made to comprehend his Works!
And from ſimple Principles, to diſcover the Laws
Never known before,
And to explain the Appearances
Never underſtood
Of this ſtupendous Univerſe!

[*Stow, Buckinghamſhire.*]

On the ſame.

By Mr. A. Hill.

O'er Nature's Law, God caſt the Veil of Night;
Out blaz'd a NEWTON's Soul,---and all was Light.

On

On the ſame.

By the ſame.

More than his Name were leſs---'t would ſeem to fear
He, who increas'd *Heav'n's* Fame, could want it here;
Yet when the *Suns* he lighted up ſhall fade,
And all the *Worlds* he found are firſt decay'd;
Then void and waſte *Eternity* ſhall lie,
And *Time*, and NEWTON's Name, together die.

On HENRY JERNEGAN, *Eſq*;

By Mr. A. Hill.

All that accompliſh'd Body lends Mankind,
From Earth receiving, he to Earth reſign'd;
All that e'er grac'd a Soul from Heav'n, he drew,
And took back with him as an Angel's Due.

On a young Lady who died unmarried.

By Mr. A. Hill.

Ripe in Virtue, green in Years,
Here a matchleſs Maid lies low:
None cou'd read, and ſpare their Tears,
Did they but her Sweetneſs know.

Humbly

Humbly Wiſe, and meekly Good,
No earthly Lovers charm'd her Breaſt;
But full of Grace, her *Saviour* woo'd,
And hides her Bluſhes in his Breaſt.

By Mr. A. HILL.

Why in ſuch thoughtleſs Haſte? O ſtay! and know
The Duſt now mould'ring here once hurried ſo!
If Will to ſerve, or Art to pleaſe Mankind;
If being Mild, Juſt, Generous, and Kind;
If harmleſs Mirth, free Friendſhip, ſtingleſs Truth,
Unſwerving Judgment, and unerring Youth;
If theſe cou'd e'er have brib'd the Dart of Death,
This Grave's gay Tenant ſtill had kept his Breath:
Stay, then! and lend one Sigh to mourn his Fate:
So may your Loſs be griev'd! ſo may your Death be late.

On Lieutenant-General RICHARD KANE.*

Sacred to the Memory of
RICHARD KANE,
Who lies interred in *St. Philip's Caſtle, Minorca.*
He was born the 20th of December 1666,
At *Down*, in the County of *Antrim*, in *Ireland.*

At the memorable Siege of *Derry*,
In the Year 1689, he entered into a military Life,
And, from that Time, conſtantly ſerved under
King WILLIAM the 3d,
(Of Happy Memory)
At Home,
'Till the Reduction of all *Ireland*,
Abroad in *Flanders*,
To the great hazard of his Life; eſpecially at *Namur*,
Where he was dangerouſly wounded.

In 1702, the War breaking out a-new,
In the Reign of Queen ANNE,
He went a Voluntier to the *Canada* Expedition.

In 1712, he ſerved again in *Flanders*,
Under the famous Duke of *Argyle* and *Greenwich*:
And ſoon after, under Lord CARPENTER,
Was made Lieutenant-Governor of *Minorca*,
Where he gave great Proofs of his Civil, as well as
Military Abilities;
And, being appointed General of all the Forces there,
By Sea and Land,
Whatever was neceſſary, uſeful, or commodious for
The Preſervation
Of the Iſland in Peace or War,
He Projected, Executed, and Eſtabliſhed;
And the Grand Road throughout the whole Iſland,
Before his Time impaſſable,
He Made, Fortified, and Adorned.

In 1720, at the Command of King GEORGE the 1ſt,
He went to *Gibraltar*,

Where he made vain all the Attempts of the *Spaniards*,
Who intended to ſurprize the Citadel.

In 1725, he exerted his ſtrenuous Operations on the ſame Stage,
Where he entirely defeated the Enemies Hopes,
Who preſſed hard the Peninſula with a cloſe Siege.

After ſo many and great Atchievements as Lieutenant-Governor,
In 1733, by King GEORGE the 2d,
He was raiſed (without his own Knowledge or Application)
To the ſole and ſupreme Command of *Minorca*.
But alas! how uncertain are all human Affairs!
He, who had lived a military Life in four Reigns,
With the greateſt Prudence, Fortitude, and Dignity;
He, who was not wanting in his Duty to GOD,
And diſcharged the Part of a good Chriſtian and Soldier,
By pure Faith and antient Manners;
He, who was endeared to his Friends, agreeable to Companions,
Mild and gentle to thoſe under his Command,
Beneficent to all,
And, on all Occaſions, conſulted more
A public, than private Intereſt,
To the inexpreſſible Grief of the Iſlanders,
Both *Spaniards* and *Britons*,
Died!
December 19th 1736, in the 77th Year of his Age.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On SIMON TAYLER, *Esq;*

Penſive peruſe, and keep (whoe'er thou art)
This wholſome Leſſon treaſur'd in thy Heart;
Tho' to thy Wealth the Heart humane be join'd,
And all the bleſs'd Benevolence of Mind;
Tho' Widows hail thee, as thou mov'ſt along,
And Orphans join in the cœleſtial Song;
In blooming Youth adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
The nobleſt Offspring of a noble Race;
The Virtues from thy Parents handed down,
Kept and increas'd with Thouſands of thy own.
To ask thy Stay, tho' ev'ry ſtreaming Eye,
And ev'ry Hand were lifted to the Sky;
In the ſame Track with TAYLER thou muſt tread!
And join the Number of the worthy Dead.

On Mr. AIKMAN, *and his only Son, who were interred in the ſame Grave.*

By Mr. Mallet.

Dear to the wiſe and good, diſprais'd by none,
Here ſleep in Peace the Father and the Son;
By Virtue, as by Nature, cloſe ally'd,
The Painter's Genius, but without the Pride:
Worth unambitious, Wit afraid to ſhine,
Honour's clear Light, and Friendſhip's Warmth divine.

The

The Son fair-riſing, knew too ſhort a Date;
But Oh! how more ſevere the Parent's Fate!
He ſaw him torn, untimely, from his Side,
Felt all a Father's Anguiſh, wept, and dy'd!

On a Young Lady.

By Mr. Mallet.

This humble Grave, tho' no proud Structures grace,
Yet *Truth* and *Goodneſs* ſanctify the Place;
Yet blameleſs *Virtue*, that adorn'd thy Bloom,
Lamented Maid! now weeps upon thy Tomb.
O 'ſcap'd from Life! O ſafe on that calm Shore,
Where Sin, and Pain, and Paſſion, are no more!
What never *Wealth* cou'd buy, nor *Pow'r* decree,
Regard and Pity, wait ſincere on thee:
Lo! ſoft *Remembrance* drops a pious Tear,
And holy *Friendſhip* ſtands a Mourner here.

On Captain JOHN MERRY.

Here lies the Body of
Captain JOHN MERRY,
Formerly an *Eaſt-India* Commander,
One of the Elder Brothers of the *Trinity-Houſe*,
And many Years Deputy-Governor of the

Hudſon's-Bay ComPany.

Theſe Employments he was eminently qualified for,
By his diſtinguiſhed Knowledge
In naval Affairs and Commerce.

The Intereſt of the Company,
By his Application and good Conduct,
Was recovered
From a low, and almoſt deſperate Condition,
To a ſurprizing State of Wealth and Reputation.

He departed this Life 2d March, 1728.

[*Hamſtead, Middleſex.*]

On JOSEPH MILLER.

By Mr. S. Duck.

Here lie the Remains of
Honeſt JOE MILLER,
Who was
A tender Husband,
A ſincere Friend,
A facetious Companion,
And an excellent Comedian.

He departed this Life, the 15th Day of Auguſt 1738,
Aged 54 Years.

If Humour, Wit, and Honeſty, cou'd ſave
The Hum'rous, Witty, Honeſt, from the Grave;
The Grave had not ſo ſoon this Tenant found,
Whom Honeſty, and Wit, and Humour crown'd.

Or cou'd Eſteem and Love preſerve our Breath,
And guard us longer from the Stroke of Death;
The Stroke of Death on him had later fell,
Whom all Mankind eſteem'd and lov'd ſo well.

[*St. Clement Dane's Burying-Ground.*]

On the Rev. Mr. WILLIAM EDWARDS.

By the Rev. Mr. Robert Edwards.

The Ritual Stone thy Son doth lay
O'er thy reſpected Duſt,
Only proclaims the mournful Day
When he a Parent loſt.
Fame will convey thy Virtues down
Thro' Ages yet to come;
'Tis needleſs, ſince ſo well they're known,
To crowd them on thy Tomb.
Deep to engrave them on my Heart,
Rather demands my Care;
Oh! cou'd I ſtamp in ev'ry Part
The fair Impreſſion there!

In Life to copy thee I'll ſtrive,
And, when I that reſign,
May ſome good-natur'd Friend ſurvive,
To lay my Bones by thine.

[*Cleobury-Mortimer, Salop.*]

On RICHARD SAVAGE, *Eſq;*

Whom PHOEBUS favour'd, on whom Fortune frown'd,
Lies deep beneath this conſecrated Ground:
SAVAGE the Name!---he was deſign'd by Fate
(That err'd at his Conception)---to be Great:
And ſuch he was in boundleſs Wit and Pride,
Title and Heir his Mother's Luſt deny'd:
His Life was Want, yet could his duteous Verſe
The Cruel's Praiſe that Help with-held rehearſe:
Danger extreme th' unhappy Lawleſs knew,
And Woes he felt, as Woes were all his Due:
Twice Sov'reign Mercy found, a * Queen to ſave!
From pitying Heaven, to end his Cares---a Grave.

* *This is well known.*

On

On BENJAMIN GRIFFIN, *Comedian.*

If, with unequall'd Skill to win the Age,
And with peculiar Excellence engage;
If in the Comic Scene to touch the Heart,
Deceive it imperceptible of Art,
Has any Merit, any Worth can raiſe?
Reader! this humble Stone demands thy Praiſe.
For worthy Praiſe, beneath an Actor lies,
Cou'd charm the Beauteous, and cou'd pleaſe the Wiſe:
Cou'd, the moſt rigid, with chaſte Mirth beguile;
And, from juſt Reaſon, force an honeſt Smile;
Cou'd to the Heart by Nature's Dictates ſteal,
That they who ſmil'd not, muſt want Senſe to feel.

Such his leaſt Merits be, tho' ſuch approv'd;
For greater Worth in private was he lov'd!
Mirth without Folly, Friendſhip without Art;
Juſt all his Actions, honeſt all his Heart:
Nor doubt ſuch Actor and ſuch Man cou'd be,
Such Man and Actor was, and GRIFFIN he!

On THOMAS COSTER, *Eſq;*

By Mr. John Shebbeare.

COSTER, adieu! to native Skies return'd,
By ev'ry Patriot Boſom lov'd and mourn'd;

E'en Party-frenzy, now no more his Foe,
Weeps into Senſe, and ſwells the gen'ral Woe.
Friend to all Virtue, howſoe'er depreſs'd;
Foe to all Vice, howe'er by Courts careſs'd.
From Commerce rich, yet rich without a Stain;
Tho' wealthy Humble, and tho' wiſe not Vain!
A Breaſt, no Paſſion once could diſcompoſe,
Save that which bade him mourn his Country's Woes.
"This Conſolation yet be mine, *(he cry'd)*
"Not to ſurvive dear Liberty:" and---dy'd.

On Miſs STANLEY.

By Mr. James Thomſon.

Here STANLEY, reſt, eſcap'd this mortal Strife,
Above the Joys, beyond the Woes of Life.
Fierce Pangs no more thy lively Beauties ſtain,
And ſternly try thee with a Year of Pain:
No more ſweet Patience, feigning oft Relief,
Lights thy ſick Eye to cheat a Parent's Grief;
With tender Art, to ſave her anxious Groan,
No more thy Boſom preſſes down its own:
Now, well-earn'd Peace is thine, and Bliſs ſincere,
Ours be the lenient, not unpleaſing Tear!

O born to bloom! then ſink beneath the Storm,
To ſhew us Virtue in her faireſt Form;

To

To ſhew us artleſs Reaſon's moral Reign,
What boaſtful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient Paſſions knowing each their Part;
Calm light the Head, and Harmony the Heart!

Yes, we muſt follow ſoon; we'll glad obey,
When a few Suns have roll'd their Cares away:
Tir'd with vain Life, we'll cloſe the willing Eye;
'Tis the great Birth-right of Mankind to dye.
Bleſs'd be the Bark! that wafts us to the Shore,
Where death-divided Friendſhip parts no more.
To join thee there, here with thy Duſt repoſe,
Is all the Hope thy hapleſs Mother knows.

On Lord AUBREY BEAUCLERK.

By Doctor E. Young.

While *Britain* boaſts her Empire o'er the Deep,
This Marble ſhall compel the Brave to weep.
As Men, as *Britons*, and as Soldiers, mourn
O'er dauntleſs, loyal, virtuous, BEAUCLERK's Urn.
Sweet were his Manners, as his Soul was great;
And ripe his Worth, tho' immature his Fate:
Each tender Grace that Joy and Love inſpires,
Living, he mingled with his martial Fires;
Dying, he bid *Britannia*'s Thunder roar.
And *Spain* ſtill felt him, when he breath'd no more.

The Lord AUBREY BEAUCLERK,
Was the youngeſt Son of CHARLES, Duke of *St. Albans*,
By DIANA, Daughter of AUBREY DE VERE, Earl of *Oxford*.

He went early to Sea,
And was made a Commander in 1731.
In 1740, he was ſent upon that memorable Expedition
To *Carthagena*,
Under the Command of Admiral VERNON,
In his Majeſty's Ship the *Prince Frederick*;
Which, with Three others, were ordered to cannonade
The Caſtle of *Bocca Chica*:
One of theſe being obliged to quit her Station,
The *Prince Frederick* was expoſed, not only to the
Fire from the Caſtle,
But to that of Fort *St. Joſeph*,
And to two Ships that guarded the Mouth of the Harbour:
Which he ſuſtained many Hours
That Day, and Part of the next,
With uncommon Intrepidity.

As he was giving his Commands upon Deck,
Both his Legs were ſhot off:
But, ſuch was his Magnanimity,
That he would not ſuffer his Wounds to be dreſt,
'Till he had communicated his Orders to his firſt
Lieutenant,
Which were,
"To fight the Ship to the laſt Extremity."
Soon after this,
He gave ſome Directions about his private Affairs,
And

And then reſigned his Soul
With the Dignity of a Hero and a Chriſtian.
Thus was he taken off in the 31ſt Year of his Age;
An illuſtrious Commander,
Of ſuperior Fortitude and Clemency,
Amiable in his Perſon,
Steady in his Affections:
And equall'd by few
In the ſocial and domeſtic Virtues of Politeneſs,
Modeſty, Candour, and Benevolence.

He married the Widow of Col. FRANCIS ALEXANDER,
A Daughter of Sir HENRY NEWTON, Knt.
Envoy - Extraordinary
To the Court of *Florence*, and the Republic of *Genoa*,
And Judge of the High-Court of Admiralty.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On EDWARD BOND, *Eſq*;

EDWARD BOND, *of* Bondville, *Eſq*; *in the County of* Armagh, *and Kingdom of* Ireland, *ordered on his Grave a Dial to be erected*; *at the Foot of which, are the following Lines:*

No marble Pomp, no monumental Praiſe;
My Tomb, this Dial; Epitaph, theſe Lays:
Pride, and low-mould'ring Clay, but ill agree;
Death levels me to Beggars, Kings to me.

Alive,

Alive, Inſtruction was my Work each Day;
Dead, I perſiſt Inſtruction to convey:
Here, Reader, mark! perhaps now in thy Prime,
The ſtealing Steps of never-ſtanding Time:
Thou'lt be what I am; catch the preſent Hour,
Employ that well, for that's within thy Pow'r.

On JOHN YARDLEY.

Here lies the Body of
JOHN YARDLEY,
Surgeon and Man-Midwife;
Whoſe Practice was attended with
Uncommon Succeſs,
In Caſes the moſt difficult.

His Mind was endued with all ſocial Virtues;
His Compaſſion alleviated thoſe Pains
Which Art could not remove:
And the gloomy Hours of declining Life
Were made ſupportable, to many,
By his Charity.

Great Integrity, and Knowledge in his Buſineſs,
Occaſioned ſuch Numbers to apply to him
For Aſſiſtance;
That too aſſiduous an Attention,
To the Health of others,
Prov'd fatal to his own.

He

He died May 14, 1742, in the 49th Year of his Age.

A Loſs, not only inexpreſſively afflictive
To his diſconſolate Widow and Family,
But felt and regretted by the Public.

[*Coventry, Warwickſhire.*]

On Dr. HUGH BOULTER, *Archbiſhop of* Armagh.

To the Memory of
Doctor HUGH BOULTER,
Late Archbiſhop of *Armagh*, and Primate of
All *Ireland*;
A Prelate ſo eminent
For the Accompliſhments of Mind,
The Purity of his Heart,
And the Excellency of his Life;
That it wou'd be thought ſuperfluous
To ſpecify his Titles,
Recount his Virtues,
Or even erect a Monument to his Fame.

His Titles, he not only deſerv'd, but adorned;
His Virtues are manifeſt in his good Works,
Which had never dazzled the public Eye,
If they had not been too bright to be concealed.
And, as to his Fame,
Whoever has any Senſe of Merit,

Any

Any Reverence for Piety,
Any Paſſion for his Country,
Or any Charity for Mankind,
Will aſſiſt in preſerving it fair and ſpotleſs:
That when Braſs and Marble ſhall mix with
The Duſt they cover,
Every ſucceeding Age
May have the Benefit of his illuſtrious Example.

He was born Jan. 4th, 1671,
He was created Biſhop of *Briſtol*, 1718,
He was tranſlated to the Archbiſhoprick of
Armagh, 1723,
And from thence to Heaven,
Sept. 27, 1742.
[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On EPHRAIM CHAMBERS.*

By Himſelf.

Heard of by many,
Known to few;
Who led a Life between Fame and Obſcurity;
Neither abounding nor deficient in Learning:
Devoted to Study; but as a Man,
Who thinks himſelf bound to all Offices of Humanity,
Having finiſhed his Life and Labour together,
Here

Here deſires to reſt
EPHRAIM CHAMBERS.

Obiit May 15th, 1740.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On HENRY JENKINS.

Bluſh not, Marble!
To reſcue from Oblivion
The Memory of
HENRY JENKINS;
A Perſon obſcure by Birth,
But of a Life truly Memorable:
For
He was enriched with the Goods of Nature,
If not of Fortune;
And happy in the Duration,
If not Variety of Enjoyments:
And,
Tho' the partial World deſpiſed and
Diſregarded his low and humble State,
The equal Eye of Providence
Beheld and bleſſed it
With a Patriarch's Health and Length of Days!
To teach miſtaken Man,
"These Bleſſings are entailed on Temperance,
"A Life of Labour, and a Mind at Eaſe."

He

He lived to the amazing Age of
One Hundred and Sixty-nine!
Was interred here, Dec. 6, 1670,
And had this Juſtice done to his Memory 1743.
[*Bolton, Yorkſhire.*]

On Sir CHARLES WAGER, *Knt. and Admiral.*

To the Memory of
Sir CHARLES WAGER, Knt.
Admiral of the White, Firſt Commiſſioner of the Admiralty,
And Privy-Councellor:
A Man of great natural Talents,
Improved by Induſtry, and long Experience:
Who bore the higheſt Commands,
And paſſed through the greateſt Employments,
With Credit to himſelf, and Honour to his Country.
He was in his private Life,
Humane, Temperate, Juſt, and Bountiful:
In public Station,
Valiant, Prudent, Wiſe, and Honeſt:
Eaſy of acceſs to all:
Steady and Reſolute in his Conduct;
So remarkably happy in his Preſence of Mind,
That no Danger ever diſcompos'd him:
Eſteem'd and favour'd by his King,
Belov'd and honour'd by his Country.

He

He died the 24th of May, 1743, Aged 77.

This Monument was erected
By FRANCIS GASHRY, Eſq;
In Gratitude to his great Patron, A. D. 1747.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On JOHN HOUGH, *Biſhop of* Worceſter.

Sacred to Poſterity
Be the Virtues of the moſt excellent Prelate
Doctor JOHN HOUGH,
The ever memorable Preſident of *Magdalen-College, Oxon.*
In the Reign of King JAMES the 2d,
Called forth to this dangerous and important Station,
For his Learning, Prudence, and Piety,
He maintained it in the Day of Trial,
With Ability, Integrity, Dignity;
Firm in the Defence of the invaded Rights of his College.

How providentially for this Church and Nation,
He oppoſed the Rage of Popiſh Superſtition and Tyranny,
Let the Annals of England *teſtify!*
In happier Times,
He was advanced to be
A Guardian of the Religion and Liberties of his Country.
In honourable Teſtimony of his eminent Services to both,
Was made Biſhop of *Oxford*, in 1690,
Of *Litchfield* and *Coventry*, in 1699,
And of *Worceſter*, in 1717.

In

In his faithful Adminiſtration of the Paſtoral Office,
By prudent Government,
By impartial Affection, by perſwaſive Example,
He was honoured and beloved;
And left to each Succeſſor a well regulated Dioceſe.

In every Condition and Relation,
From the Influence of a lively Faith,
From the Overflowings of a benevolent Heart,
It was the Buſineſs and Pleaſure of his Life,
To ſerve GOD, and to do Good.

His Benefactions to *Magdalen-College*,
And to his
Epiſcopal Houſes,
Are illuſtrious and laſting Monuments of his Munificence:
Yet much were they excelled by the nobler Inſtances
Of his diffuſive!---unbounded Charity!
His courteous Affability, and engaging Condeſcenſion,
Were the Delight
Of the numerous Partakers of his generous Hoſpitality.
Grace was in his Addreſs,
And Dignity in his Deportment:
In Converſation,
Propriety, and Purity of Language;
In Writing,
Exactneſs, Eaſe, and Elegance of Stile,
Embelliſhed
The Juſtneſs, the Delicacy, the Humanity, the Piety,
Of his Sentiments.

Bleſs'd with uninterrupted Health, and Tranquility of Mind,

Happy,

Happy in Life, and in his Death
Full of Honour, and full of Days;
In the 93d Year of his Age,
And the 53d of his Conſecration,
In the entire Poſſeſſion of his Underſtanding,
In the Conſciouſneſs of a well-ſpent Life,
In ſure and certain Hope of a joyful
Reſurrection,
He expired without a Groan.

[*Worceſter Cathedral.*]

On JOHN, *Duke of* Argyle.

By Mr. Paul Whitehead.

(Suppos'd to be wrote by the Hand of Hiſtory)

Briton, behold! if Patriot Worth be dear,
A Shrine that claims thy tributary Tear!
Silent that Tongue, admiring Senates heard;
Nerveleſs that Arm oppoſing Legions fear'd:
Nor leſs, O CAMPBELL! thine the Pow'r to pleaſe,
And give to Grandeur all the Grace of Eaſe.
Long, from thy Life, let kindred Heroes trace,
Arts, which ennoble ſtill the nobleſt Race:
Others may owe their future Fame to me,
I borrow Immortality from thee.

JOHN, Duke of *Argyll* and *Gr*
Born Oct. 10, 1680, died Oct. 4, 1743.

In

In Memory of an honeſt Man,
A conſtant Friend,
JOHN, the great Duke of *Argyll* and *Greenwich*;
A General, and Orator,
Exceeded by none in the Age he lived.

Sir HENRY FERMOR, Bart. by his laſt Will left the Sum of 500 l. towards erecting this Monument; And recommended the above Inſtructions.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Sir JOHN BALCHEN, *Knt. and Admiral.*

To the Memory of
Sir JOHN BALCHEN, Knt.
Admiral of the White Squadron of his Majeſty's Fleet;
Who, in the Year 1744,
Being ſent out Commander in Chief
Of the combined Fleet of *England* and *Holland*;
To cruiſe on the Enemy,
Was on his return Home, in his Majeſty's Ship
The *Victory*,
Loſt in the Channel, by a violent Storm:
From which ſad Circumſtance of his Death,
We may learn,
That neither the greateſt Skill, Judgment, or Experience,

Join'd

Join'd to the moſt firm unſhaken Reſolution,
Can reſiſt the Fury of the Winds and Waves:
And we are taught from the Paſſages of his Life,
Which were filled with great and gallant Actions,
But
Ever accompanied with adverſe Gales of Fortune,
That the brave, the worthy, and the good Man,
Meets not always his Reward.

When, being juſt retired
To the Government of *Greenwich-Hoſpital*,
To wear out the Remainder of his Days;
He was once more,
And for the laſt Time,
Called out by his King and Country;
Whoſe Intereſt he ever preferred to his own;
And his unbiaſs'd Zeal for their Service,
Ended only with his Death.
Which weighty Misfortune, to his afflicted Family,
Became heightened
By many aggravating Circumſtances
Attending it.
Yet, amidſt their Grief,
Had they the mournful Conſolation to find
His Gracious and Royal Maſter
Mixing his Concern
With the general Lamentations of the Public,
For the calamitous Fate of
So zealous, ſo valiant, and ſo able a Commander.

And as a laſting Memory
Of the ſincere Love, and Eſteem, borne by

His

His Widow
To a moſt affectionate and worthy Huſband,
This honourary Monument was erected by her.

He was born Feb. 2, 1669,
Married SUSANNA, the Daughter of Col. APREECE,
Of *Waſhingly*, in the County of *Huntingdon*,
Died Oct. 7, 1744;
Leaving one Son, and one Daughter,
The former of whom, GEORGE BALCHEN,
Survived him but a ſhort Time;
For, being ſent to the *Weſt-Indies*, in 1745,
Commander of his Majeſty's Ship the *Pembroke*,
He died at *Barbadoes*
December the ſame Year, Aged 28;
Having walked in the Steps,
And imitated the Virtue, and Bravery, of
His good, but unfortunate, Father.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Dr. COCKMAN, *Maſter of* Univerſity-College, Oxon.

By Mr. W. Hawkins, *Feb.* 12, 1744-5.

Farewell, for ever, he! around whoſe Urn
The Good, the Virtuous, and the Learned mourn;
In him (admire ye Sons of Men!) were join'd,
The deepeſt Wiſdom, and the trueſt Mind:

Plain

Plain and ſincere, he knew no private Art,
He look'd his Meaning, and he ſpoke his Heart:
Averſe to public, and to private Striſe,
And inoffenſive through a Length of Life:
Whene'er he ſweetly taught the Truths divine!
The beſt of Men might liſten and refine:
His graceful Manner, and his Diction ſtrong,
Bore the full Tide of Eloquence along:
So ſound his Reas'ning, ſo polite his Thought,
That none, but him, like *Rome*'s fam'd TULLY wrote.
How do we all lament, how deeply they,
Whom late he govern'd with paternal Sway!
That Charge he nobly labour'd to defend:
Youth's beſt Example, Ruler, Guardian, Friend:
Farewell, for ever, *Oxford*'s Joy and Pride!
'Tis needleſs now to ſay, "that COCKMAN dy'd."

On Lieutenant-General JOSHUA GUEST.

Sacred to thoſe Virtues that adorn
A Chriſtian and a Soldier.
This Marble perpetuates the Memory of
Lieutenant-General JOSHUA GUEST;
Who cloſed a Service of Sixty-Years,
By faithfully defending *Edinburgh-Caſtle* againſt
The Rebels, 1745.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Colonel FRANCIS LIGONIER.

Sacred to
FRANCIS LIGONIER, Eſq;
Colonel of Dragoons, a Native of *France*,
Deſcended from a very ancient and very honourable
Family there;
But a zealous Proteſtant, and Subject of *England*,
Sacrificing himſelf for its Defence
Againſt a Popiſh Pretender.

At the Battle of *Falkirk*, in the Year 1745,
A Diſtemper could not confine him to his Bed,
When his Duty called him to the Field;
Where he choſe to meet Death,
Rather than in the Arms of his Friends.
But, the Diſeaſe proving more victorious than the Enemy,
He expired ſoon after the Battle;
Where, under all the Agonies of Sickneſs and Pain,
He exerted a Spirit of Vigor and Heroiſm!

To the Memory of ſuch a brave, and beloved Brother,
This Monument is placed by
Sir JOHN LIGONIER, Knt. of the *Bath*,
General of Horſe in the *Britiſh* Army;
With juſt Grief and brotherly, Affection.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Mrs. JESSOP.

By Dr. Cobden.

Mrs. ELIZABETH JESSOP,
Widow of the late Rev. Mr. JESSOP,
Of *Temsford* in *Bedfordſhire*,
And Mother of Mrs. COBDEN,
Died December 15th, 1737.

A Woman of exemplary Piety, Charity,
And all other Chriſtian Graces:
An Ornament
To the Church of *England*,
Whoſe Communion ſhe conſtantly frequented.

She was bleſſed
With a clear Underſtanding, and a ſound Judgment;
Which were improved
By diligent Reading and Meditation;
For it was her Cuſtom, Summer and Winter,
('Till near her laſt Sickneſs)
To riſe at Four in the Morning,
And ſhe would ſuffer no Moments to be loſt.

She took due Care, by
Inſtruction and Reproof,
To communicate what Light ſhe had,
Wherever ſhe found it wanting;
Inſomuch, that a Servant could not continue with her

Without being acquainted
With his Duty to God and Man.

Her continual Study and Endeavour
Was to be good herſelf;
And to do good to others
Her greateſt Pleaſure.
From her,
No Object of Diſtreſs went away unrelieved;
And very few others,
Without being pleaſed and edified.

She was very candid in her Sentiments,
Tender in her Nature,
And moſt cordial and affectionate in her Friendſhip.

She adorned every Character ſhe ſuſtained;
Was faithful in every Truſt,
And amiable in every Relation:
And, with the utmoſt Strictneſs and Purity of Manners,
Had joined all the Chearfulneſs of Temper,
And Eaſineſs of Converſation poſſible.

She was always a great Lover of Neatneſs,
Without much Regard to
Mode or Faſhion;
And,
Tho' ſhe kept as cloſe at Home,
As if confined to a Cloiſter,
No one better underſtood Good-breeding,
(If what goes by that Name
Be real Benevolence)

Expreſſed

Expreſſed in the moſt obliging Manner.

Her Behaviour, in the laſt Scene,
Was agreeable to the Dignity of her former Parts.

She endured her Pain and Sickneſs,
(Which were extremely ſevere)
With the Reſignation and Patience
Of a Martyr;
And entertained the Thought of her
Approaching Change
With the Chearfulneſs of one
Who firmly depended on the divine Mercy,
Through the Merits of a Redeemer,
For a glorious Reward.

In fine,
Her whole Life was an undeniable Evidence
Of the Chriſtian Religion;
And how much
(When thoroughly underſtood,
Heartily embraced,
And ſincerely practiſed)
It is calculated to raiſe human Nature to
Perfection.

On Mrs. POYNTER, 1745.

By Dr. Cobden.

Her frail Remains are here contain'd,
Whoſe Life, and Death, this Truth explain'd:
" That Piety, and Goodneſs, join'd
" With ev'ry Grace of human Mind,
" Are not allow'd by Heav'n to ſave,
" Their faireſt Patterns from the Grave:"
Yet ſhall they, Ages hence, reſtore
Thoſe Patterns, fairer than before.

On THOMAS SOUTHERN.

Prais'd by the Grandfires of the preſent Age,
Shall SOUTHERN paſs, un-noted off the Stage!
Who, more than half a Century ago,
Caus'd from each Eye the tender Tear to flow?
Does not his Death one grateful Drop demand,
In Works of Wit the NESTOR of our Land?
SOUTHERN was DRYDEN's Friend: him Genius warm'd,
When OTWAY wrote, and BETTERTON perform'd:
He knew poor * NAT, while regular his Fire,
Was CONGREVE's Pattern, e'er he rais'd Deſire:
Belong'd to CHARLES's Age, when Wit ran high,
And liv'd ſo long but to behold it die.

* NAT LEE.

On

On WILLIAM HORNECK, *Esq*; *

Near his Father's Aſhes, in this Church,
WILLIAM HORNECK, Eſq;
Deſired to have his own depoſited.

He was Firſt Director of the Ordnance,
And during his Life ſhewed a true Military Diſpoſition:
When he became a Man he ſerved in all the Campaigns
Of that brave and accompliſhed General
The Duke of *Marlborough*.

Was well acquainted with all the Arts of War,
But more eſpecially with Fortification and Gunnery,
Which he made his particular Study:
And, for his ſuperior Excellence therein,
Was always choſen to execute the moſt important
Truſts in that Reſpect.

Among other great and ſucceſsful Actions,
He fortified *Gibraltar* and *Minorca*;
Places of great Importance to *Great-Britain*.

Afterwards,
When he had much benefitted his Country,
(Yet deſirous to ſerve it more)
He returned Home,
And, by his Genius, Science, and long Experience,
Greatly improved every Thing belonging to Military
Machinery.

But, alas! the Time was ſhort:
For a ſudden Illneſs, raging without the leaſt Intermiſſion,

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(Yet deſirous to ſerve it more)
He returned Home,
And, by his Genius, Science, and long Experience,
Greatly improved every Thing belonging to Military
Machinery.

But, alas! the Time was ſhort:
For a ſudden Illneſs, raging without the leaſt Intermiſſion,

Stopped the Courſe of ſo uſeful a Life,
On the 9th of May 1746, and in the 62d Year of his Age.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On Dr. KEIL.

By Mr. Chriſtopher Pitt.

Beneath this Stone the World's juſt Wonder lies!
Who, while on Earth, had rang'd the ſpacious Skies:
Around the Stars his active Soul had flown,
And ſeen their Courſes finiſh'd e'er his own:
Now he enjoys thoſe Realms he could explore,
And finds that Heav'n he knew ſo well before.
He thro' more World's his Victory purſu'd,
Than the brave *Greek* cou'd wiſh to have ſubdu'd;
In Triumph ran one vaſt Creation o'er;
Then ſtop'd-----for Nature cou'd afford no more.
With CÆSAR's Speed, young AMMON's noble Pride,
He came, ſaw, vanquiſh'd, wept, return'd, and dy'd.

On

On THEOPHILUS, *Earl of* Huntingdon.

Here lie the Remains, of
The Right Hon THEOPHILUS, Earl of *Huntingdon*,
Lord *Haſtings*, *Hungerford*, *Botreaux*, *Moles*,
Newmark, and *Molins*.
If his Birth deſerv'd Reſpect,
His Life deſerv'd it more:
If he derived his Titles from a long Roll
Of illuſtrious Anceſtors,
He reflected back on them ſuperior Honours.
He ennobled Nobility by Virtue;
He was of the firſt Rank in both:
Good in every Relation
Of natural Duty, and of ſocial Life;
The Learning he acquired at School,
He improv'd at *Oxford*,
Under the Care of that excellent Perſon
The preſent Biſhop of *Glouceſter*.
Acquainted by his Studies
With the Characters of paſt Ages,
He acquir'd, by his Travels,
A Knowledge of the Men, and Manners of his own.
He viſited *France*, *Italy*, and even *Spain*.
After theſe Excurſions into other Countries,
He ſettled in his own;
His own was dear to him.
No man had juſter Notions
Of the true Conſtitution of her Government:
No Man had a more comprehenſive View of her real
Intereſts,
Domeſtic and Foreign.

Capable of excelling in every Form of public Life,
He choſe to appear in none:
His Mind fraught with Knowledge,
His Heart elevated with Sentiments of unaffected
Patriotiſm;
He looked down, from higher Ground,
On the Level of a fertile and corrupt Generation:
Deſpairing to do national Good,
He mingled as little as his Rank permitted
In national Affairs:
Home is the Refuge of a wiſe Man's Life,
Home was the Refuge of his.
By his Marriage with the Lady SELINA SHIRLEY,
Second Daughter and one of the Coheirs
Of *Waſhington*, Earl FERRERS;
He ſecured himſelf, in Retreat,
A Scene of Happineſs he cou'd not have found in the
World:
The uninterrupted Joys of conjugal Love,
The never failing Comforts of cordial Friendſhip.
Every Care was ſoftened,
Every Satisfaction heightned;
Every Hour paſs'd ſmoothly away,
In the Company of one
Who enjoy'd a perpetual Serenity of Soul,
That none but thoſe can feel in this Life,
Who are not prepared for greater Bliſs in the next.
By her, this Monument is erected,
To record the Virtues of the Deceaſed,
And the Grief of the Living.
He was Born *November* the 12th, 1696,

And

And
Died, of a Fit of the Apoplexy,
October 13, 1746, in the 50th Year of his Age.

On LUCY LYTTLETON,

By the Right Honourable Sir George Lyttleton, *Bt.*

To the Memory of
LUCY LYTTLETON,
Daughter of HUGH FORTESCUE, of *Filleigh*,
In the County of *Devon*, Esq;
Father to the present Earl of *Clinton*,
By LUCY his Wife,
The Daughter of MATTHEW Lord AYLMER;
Who departed this Life the 19th of *January*, 1746-7,
Aged Twenty-nine;
Having employ'd the short Time, assign'd to her here,
In the uniform Practice of Religion and Virtue.

Made to engage all Hearts, and charm all Eyes;
Tho' meek Magnanimous, tho' witty Wise:
Polite, as all her Life in Courts had been;
Yet good, as she the World had never seen:
The noble Fire of an exalted Mind,
With gentlest female Tenderness combin'd.
Her Speech, was the melodious Voice of Love;
Her Song, the warbling of the vernal Grove:
Her Eloquence, was sweeter than her Song;
Soft as her Heart, and as her Reason strong:

Her Form, each Beauty of the Mind expreſs'd:
Her Mind was Virtue, by the Graces dreſs'd.

On Captain THOMAS GRENVILLE.

By the Right Honourable Sir George Lyttleton, *Bt.*

To the Memory of
Captain THOMAS GRENVILLE,
Commander of his Majeſty's Ship the *Defiance*:
Who gallantly exerted himſelf
In an Engagement with the *French* Fleet:
Being at laſt deſperately wounded,
By a Splinter of his own ſhatter'd Ship,
With the Satisfaction of ſeeing his Countrymen
Victorious,
Glorioufly expir'd *May* the 3d, 1747.

Ye weeping Muſes, Graces, Virtues, tell!
If, ſince your all-accompliſh'd SYDNEY fell,
You, or afflicted *Britain*, e'er deplor'd
A Loſs like that theſe plaintive Lays record!
Such ſpotleſs Honour! ſuch ingenuous Truth;
Such rip'ned Wiſdom in the Bloom of Youth.
So Mild, ſo Gentle, ſo compos'd a Mind,
To ſuch Heroic Warmth and Courage join'd.
He too, like SYDNEY, nurs'd in Learning's Arms,
For nobler War, forſook her ſofter Charms:
Like him, poſſeſs'd of ev'ry pleaſing Art,
The ſecret Wiſh of every female Heart:

Like

Like him, cut off in youthful Glory's Pride,
He, unrepining, *for his Country died.*

On Captain JAMES CORNWALL.

By the Right Honourable Sir George Lyttleton, *Bt.*

To the Memory of
Captain JAMES CORNWALL,
Commander of his Majeſty's Ship the *Marlborough*,
Who was ſlain, in the Engagement with the
French and *Spaniſh* Fleets
off *Toulon*,
February 11, 1743-4.

This Monument was erected,
At the public Expence,
In Conſequence of a Vote of the Houſe of Commons,
Who addreſs'd his Majeſty for that Purpoſe.

Tho' *Britain*'s Genius hung her drooping Head,
And mourn'd her ancient naval Glory fled;
On that fam'd Day, when *France*, combin'd with *Spain*,
Strove for the wide Dominion of the Main:

Yet, CORNWALL! all with gen'ral Voice agree,
To pay the Tribute of Applauſe to thee.
When his bold Chief, in thickeſt Fight engag'd,
Unequal War with *Spain*'s proud Leader wag'd;
With Indignation mov'd, he timely came,
To reſcue from Reproach his Country's Name:

Succeſs

Succeſs too dearly did his Valour crown;
He ſav'd his Leader's Life, but loſt his own.

Theſe fun'ral Rites a grateful Nation pays,
That lateſt Times may learn the Hero's Praiſe:
And Chiefs, like him, ſhall unrepining lead,
When SENATES thus reward the glorious Deed.

On Admiral THOMAS MATTHEWS.

By Mr. Rolt.

Britons! If yet that glorious Name be dear;
If Honour's Fav'rite claims the *Britiſh* Tear;
This Tomb approach! --- Nobly, let weeping Eyes
Each virtuous Heart proclaim: here MATTHEWS lies!
Imperious *Spain*, proud *Gallia*, now no more,
Shall dread his Arm, ſhall hear his Thunders roar.
No more black Envy ſhall his Honours ſhroud:
Truth, like the Sun, diſpels the noxious Cloud.
Ingrateful Age! here Merit loſt her Due;
Though this brave Chieftain's Worth, too well, ye knew:
Yet, ſhall Futurity behold his Name
Fill the bright Annals of immortal Fame.
The Muſe, ambitious, ſhall his Acts commend:
The honeſt Muſe is always Virtue's Friend.

1752.

On AMBROSE PHILIPS, *Esq;*

By Mr. Rolt.

Ye Lovers of the MUSE!--- O thou, whoſe Breaſt
Glows with her Raptures, be thy Joys ſuppreſs'd
Here PHILIPS lies!--- Mute is the charming Lyre,
Which harmoniz'd the tender SAPPHIC Fire:
Ah! ſilent is the THEOCRITIAN Reed,
That e'en the Pipe of MARO cou'd exceed:
For ever Mute!--- Lo! *Britain's* Genius weeps!
MELPOMENE ſits penſive where her PHILIPS ſleeps!
Who now ſhall the brave Hero's Deeds rehearſe,
In all the ſolemn Pomp of Tragic Verſe?
Ah! few, too few, adorn the *Britiſh* Shore;
Since SHAKESPEAR, ROWE, and PHILIPS, are no more!

1749.

On his Father.

By Mr. Rolt.

Sleep here! ye relics of the juſt and good:
Titles, alas! too little underſtood.
Bleſt with a *Britiſh* Soul, of Heart ſincere;
Above a ſordid Hope, or ſlaviſh Fear:
Still ready *Britiſh* Freedom to defend,
More to Mankind than to thyſelf a Friend.

Yet

Yet ſuch great Virtues, *Rome*'s great CATO crown'd:
Virtues which now are rarely to be found.

1739.

On his Brother JAMES ROLT.

By Mr. Rolt.

To thee, an Angel's Form was giv'n;
An Apprehenſion fit for Heav'n.
Thy Bloſſoms did no ſooner blow,
Than the ripe Fruitage grac'd the Bough.
Shed are thy Bloſſoms, crop'd thy Fruit:
The Tongue of Harmony is mute.

1736.

On MEREDITH THOMAS, *Eſq;*

By Mr. Rolt.

Beneath is repoſited
All that was mortal of
MEREDITH THOMAS, Eſq;
Who died on the 17th of *January*, 1748,
Aged Twenty-two Years.

Ye Lovers of Friendſhip, Candour, and Probity,
You may juſtly ſay

Here

Here lie the Aſhes of
A young, good-natured, worthy, inoffenſive Man:
Whoſe Youth was an Ornament to Society,
And prefaged every Omen,
Not only of Happineſs to his Friends,
But of Utility to Mankind.

Here Truth of Soul, the Heart for ever kind,
Are, much regretted, to the Grave conſign'd.
Ah! pardon friendly Grief; dear, ſacred Shade!
We lov'd thee living, and muſt mourn thee dead.
Oh! pity, all thy hopeful Prime ſhou'd here
Lie blaſted!--- *Life*, we learn thy Frailty there.
--- *Death* boaſt no Triumph, *Time* at laſt ſhall ſee
This Duſt be reaſſum'd, and vanquiſh thee.
1748.

On Mr. POPE.

By Mr. Rolt.

Sacred to the Memory of ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq;
Who,
As a Poet,
Was the greateſt Ornament of his Country;
And,
As a Philoſopher,
An Honour to Mankind.

He liv'd in a polite Age, when the Muſes flouriſhed in *Britain*;
When *Britiſh* Arms were dreaded Abroad;

And

And *Britiſh* Liberty ſecured at Home:
So that he was revered by many excellent Poets;
Eſteemed by many illuſtrious Warriors;
And beloved by many glorious Patriots.

Among contending Factions,
He was like ATTICUS,
Reſpected by both Parties:
Among his cotemporary Poets,
He was like HORACE,
The polite Scholar, and the accompliſhed Gentleman.
His Tranſlation of HOMER is a Glory to *Britain*:
His own Writings are a valuable Treaſure to the World.
He lived beloved by all good Men,
Dreaded by ſome bad ones;
But he died, on the 30th of May 1744, regretted by
All Mankind.

Oh! Friend of Virtue, Foe to ev'ry Vice,
Corruption now ſecure may give her Price.
No more thy noble Verſe, with honeſt Rage,
Detects the Villain, and reforms the Age:
Gives Patriots Spirit in their glorious Toil;
Praiſes an *Oxford*, or laments a BOYLE.

Thy noble Friends are mould'ring by thy Side:
With them, and thee, half *Britain*'s Glory dy'd.
When ſhall ſhe ſee the happy Time again,
When Freedom finds new *Marchmonts* in her Reign?
When other Poets ſhall renew her Smile,
And, like her POPE, adorn the happy Iſle?

Weep,

Weep, Muſes! ev'ry Son of PHOEBUS mourn!
And conſecrate, with Tears, this ſacred Urn,
POPE dy'd: *Fame* bade the *Muſes* ſound his Praiſe:
They ſaid, "'Twas done, in his immortal Lays."

On Mr. UBANK.

By Mr. Rolt.

What! art thou gone! and number'd with the Dead?
Alas! in UBANK, Friendſhip's ſelf is fled:
Who'd covet Life, the light precarious Boon,
Loſt like a Shadow, o'er the Plain, at Noon;
Or if extended, by the Weſtern Ray,
Its Magnitude muſt vaniſh with the Day?
Ah! *Generoſity*, where art thou now?
Plain candid *Truth*, where do'ſt thou hide thy Brow?
Why, *Friendſhip*, do'ſt thou ſtop the Wiſh ſincere?
And ſoft *Humanity*, why chills thy Tear?
For-ever loſt! tore from your UBANK's Breaſt,
Where wilt thou, *Virtue*, find a Seat of Reſt?
The gen'rous Heart no more with Goodneſs glows!
The lib'ral Hand no more in Bounty flows!
In thee, O UBANK, has inſatiate Death,
Suck'd up the ſweeteſt Bloſſom of the Heath:
Like the nice Bee, the plund'ring Rover flew,
To where the nobleſt Flow'r delicious grew,
Drop'd on its Stem, and ſipp'd the balmy Dew.

Dec. 1751.

On Mr. SAMUEL BURT, *principal Domeſtic to his Grace the Duke of* Newcaſtle.

By Mr. Rolt.

Sacred to Friendſhip, and every amiable Virtue.
This Marble is erected to the Memory of
SAMUEL BURT.
Reader,
Ha'ſt thou a Regard for Honeſty?
Do'ſt thou love Sincerity?
Or art thou fond of Generoſity?
If ſo,
Blend thy Tears with mine;
For,
In this Spot,
Lie the Ruins of Goodneſs, Benevolence, and Integrity.
His Honeſty was even reverenced by the Great:
His Fidelity made him rather eſteemed as a Friend,
Than a Servant.
He knew how to pleaſe without Flattery;
How to obey without Servility:
He was pre-poſſeſſed by no Party;
Blinded by no Faction:
Therefore, equally a Friend to every honeſt Man.
His Humanity was only to be parallelled by his
Affability:
It was his Delight to ſuccour Adverſity,
And to ſerve unfriended Merit.
Bleſt with the Eſteem of his Superiors,

Beloved

Beloved by his Equals,
Admired by his Inferiors,
And regretted by All,
He died at *Hanover*, in 1751;
Faithful to his Death,
In that ſervice, wherein he had ſpent his Life.

On his three Children, JAMES, ANNE, *and* ELIZABETH ROLT.

By Mr. Rolt.

If filial Fondneſs, or parental Love,
Could e'er the certain Stroke of Fate remove;
Theſe Relics had not early moulder'd here,
Nor claim'd their Parents never-ceaſing Tear.
Born but to die, a lov'd and lovely Boy,
Flew from his Cradle to celeſtial Joy.
The Others liv'd their Parents Hearts to chear,
With all that Prattle, Parents love to hear;
And all the Innocence that ever ſmil'd,
With Angel-Sweetneſs, on the ſweeteſt Child:
Like two fair Roſes, budding on the Spray,
They ſeem'd ſo fair, Death wou'd not longer ſtay,
But violently ſnatch'd them hence away.

Go, heav'nly Cherubs, to your native Sphere;
Too much like Angels to inhabit here:
Heav'n claims ye all. "Then why the mortal Tear?
"'Tis Nature's Rebel."---"Stop the Rebel here."

On

On Captain WILLIAM CUST.

To the Memory of
Captain WILLIAM CUST,
Who, gallantly engaging in the Cauſe of his Country,
Was unfortunately ſlain by a Cannon-Ball,
March the 8th, 1747.

While Commander of the *Otter - Sloop*,
He ſignaliz'd himſelf with uncommon Vigilance, and
Activity,
In deſtroying the Enemy's Privateers.

In the Year 1747, he was advanced to the
Command of the *Boſton Man of War* ;
But, before he cou'd take Poſſeſſion of that Ship,
Stationed in *New-England*,
He was engaged, at the Requeſt of Admiral *Knowles*,
In the Expedition againſt
Port-Louis,
On board the *Elizabeth*, which begun the Attack.

He was in every Relation of private Life, moſt Amiable;
In all that concerned his Country
Truly Great ;
And compleated his Courſe of Life, and Glory,
In the 28th Year of his Age.

He was ſecond Son to Sir RICHARD CUST, Bart.
By ANNE BROWNLOWE,
Siſter to the Right Honourable
Lord Viſcount *Tyrconnel*,

Who

Who places this as a Teſtimony
Of his great Affection for his Nephew,
And Concern for ſo public a Loſs.

[*Grantham, Lincolnſhire.*]

On Lieutenant-General CAMPBELL.

If deathleſs Virtue claims immortal Fame,
Eternal Honours wait on CAMPBELL's Name!
Exalted Chief! who, firm like DECIUS ſtood,
Greatly devoted for his Country's good:
For *Britain*'s Sake, expos'd his valu'd Life,
And fell unvanquiſh'd in the glorious Strife.

Fair is his Lot, tho' Heav'n his Death decreed,
For all his Life was one praiſe-worthy Deed;
By conſtant Honour was his Conduct led,
She faithful watch'd---and ſhew'd him to his Bed:
Inſpir'd his Heart to bleſs, his Hand to ſave,
And with unfading Laurels decks his Grave.
Weak is all Praiſe thy Merit wou'd attend;
Virtue herſelf ſhall conſecrate her Friend.
Let then, to thee, no vain *Mauſoleums* riſe,
No falſe Inſcriptions lift thee to the Skies:
Be it enough, that *Britain* ſilent ſate,
And STAIR beſtow'd a Tear to mark thy Fate.

On

On Sir THOMAS HANMER.

Thou, who ſurvey'ſt theſe Walls with curious Eye,
Pauſe on this Tomb---where HANMER's Aſhes lie!
His various Worth, thro' various Life attend,
And learn his Virtues while thou mourn'ſt his End.
His Force of Genius burn'd in early Youth,
With Thirſt of Knowledge, and with Love of Truth;
His Learning, join'd with ſuch endearing Art,
Charm'd ev'ry Ear, and gain'd on ev'ry Heart:
Thus early Wiſe, th' endanger'd Realm to aid,
His Country call'd him from the ſtudious Shade;
In Life's firſt Bloom his public Toils began,
At once commenc'd the *Senator* and *Man*.
In Buſineſs dext'rous, weighty in Debate,
Thrice Ten long Years he labour'd for the State;
In ev'ry Speech perſwaſive Wiſdom flow'd,
In ev'ry Act refulgent Virtue glow'd;
Suſpended Faction ceas'd from Rage and Striſe,
To hear his Eloquence and praiſe his Life:
Reſiſtleſs Merit fixt the *Senate's* choice,
And hail'd him *Speaker*, with united Voice.
Illuſtrious Age! how bright thy Glories ſhone!
When HANMER fill'd the Chair, and ANNE the Throne!
Then---when dark Arts obſcur'd each fierce Debate,
When mutual Frauds perplex'd the Maze of State,
The Moderator firmly mild appear'd,
Beheld with Love! with Veneration heard!
This Taſk perform'd, he ſought no gainful Poſt,
Nor wiſh'd to glitter at his Country's Coſt;

Strict

Strict on the Right he fix'd his ſtedfaſt Eye,
With temp'rate Zeal, and wiſe Anxiety:
Nor e'er from Virtue's Path was turn'd aſide,
To pluck the Flow'rs of Pleaſure, or of Pride:
Her Gifts deſpis'd, Corruption bluſh'd and fled;
And Fame purſu'd him where Conviction led:
Age call'd at length his active Mind to Reſt,
With Honour ſated, and with Cares oppreſs'd;
To letter'd Eaſe retir'd, and honeſt Mirth,
To rural Grandeur, and domeſtic Worth:
Delighted ſtill to pleaſe Mankind, or mend,
The Patriot's Fire yet ſparkled in the Friend:
Calm Conſcience then his former Life ſurvey'd,
And recollected Toys endear'd the Shade;
'Till Nature call'd him to the gen'ral Doom,
And Virtue's Sorrow dignify'd his Tomb.

On the Rev. Mr. JAMES WILSON.

By Mr. Brooke.

Thy ſabled Bed no pompous Heralds raiſe,
Nor bid an endleſs Range of Tapers blaze;
Nor lift the Scutcheon blazon'd high in Air,
Nor the long Train of practic'd Grief prepare:
Such envy'd Honours only ſuit the Great,
The Farce of Wealth, and Mummery of State,
Where Sin, and Weakneſs, are in Triumph led,
Where the Dead bury, and elude their Dead.

Far other Rites are to thy Bier aſſign'd ;
A length of Mourning that enwraps the Mind ;
Silent, and preſs'd beneath a Weight of Woe,
Behold, the fond Proceſſion ſad and ſlow !
The drooping Flock, the deſolated Kin,
The Friend who wears his Sables deep within ;
The Poor, the Maim'd, the Fatherleſs, purſue,
And the 'lorn Widow weeps her laſt Adieu.
O ! quick to ſeize what all ſo fondly ſhun,
Soon was thy round of eager Virtue run :
Thy Speed we meaſure, with reluctant Eyes,
And grudge the Goal, but envy not the Prize.
Learn, learn, ye Silly ; and reflect, ye Sage ;
A Life, ſo finiſh'd, is a NESTOR's Age !

On the Honourable Mrs. D'EVEREUX.

Beneath this Marble, D'EVEREUX lies !
The Honourable PRICE's Wife :
The wiſeſt, beſt, and faireſt Prize,
Death e'er cou'd ſtruggle for with Life.

On JOHN HIPPISLEY, *Comedian.*

When the Stage heard, that Death had ſtruck her JOHN,
Gay *Comedy* her Sables firſt put on ;

Laughter

Laughter lamented that her Fav'rite dy'd;
And *Mirth* herſelf ('tis ſtrange!) lay down and cry'd;
Wit droop'd his Head, e'en *Humour* ſeem'd to mourn,
And ſolemnly ſate penſive o'er his Urn.

[*Clifton, Glouceſterſhire.*]

On WILLIAM BUNBURY, *of* Hadleigh *in* Suffolk, *Eſq*; *who died the* 12*th of* September, 1748.

Here lies the Man, whom gen'rous Nature bleſs'd
With all the Charms that ever Man poſſeſs'd;
To thoſe were join'd, what Study cou'd diſpenſe,
Learning, and all th' Accompliſhments of Senſe:
Wit, Judgment, Candour, Virtue, here combine,
To ſolemnize and hallow this ſad Shrine!
But vain is Grief; for Nature's equal Laws
Require Effects ſhou'd follow from their Cauſe:
Mortals, when once above their Rank they riſe,
Muſt leave this World, and ſettle in the Skies.

On Dr. ISAAC WATTS.

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.
Paſtor of a Church of CHRIST in *London*,
Succeſſor of

The Rev. Mr. JOSEPH CARYLL, Dr. JOHN OWEN,
Mr. JOSEPH CLARKSON, and Dr. ISAAC CHAUNCEY,
After 52 Years of feeble Labours in the Goſpel,
Interrupted by 4 Years of tireſome Sickneſs,
Was at laſt diſmiſſed to Reſt,
Nov. 25, A. D. 1748, Aged 75.

2. Cor. v. 8. *Abſent from the Body, preſent with the Lord.*

Col. iii. 4. *When Chriſt, who is our Life, ſhall appear, then ſhall we alſo appear with him in Glory.*

IN UNO JESU OMNIA.

This Monument
(On which the above modeſt Inſcription is placed
By Order of the Deceaſed)
Was erected, as a ſmall Teſtimony of Regard to his Memory,
By Sir JOHN HARTOP, Bart.
And Dame MARY ABNEY.

[*Bunhill-Fields Burying-Ground.*]

On the ſame.

To real Merit due, this humble Song,
WATTS, (now no more) to thee be ſacred long.
Sweet were thy Numbers, as thy Soul was great;
In Virtue rich, with Piety replete:
In vain, to thee, Vice ſounds her ſoft Alarms,
In vain ſhe ſpreads her gay alluring Charms:

Thy

Thy ſteady Zeal the wiley Foe o'erthrew,
And gave her veil'd Deformity to view.
From thee our Youths enlarg'd their op'ning Views,
Learn'd heav'nly Truths, and Reaſon's proper Uſe;
With vary'd Beauties grac'd, thy tuneful Lyre,
To charm, deter, correct, improve, inſpire,
From tort'ring Fears the Soul depreſs'd to free,
E'en DAVID's Strains receiv'd new Charms from thee.
In haſte to aid, but in Reſentment ſlow,
An ardent Friend, and quick-forgiving Foe:
Oh! may thy Soul! now loos'd from mortal Clay,
Wing its ſwift Flight to Realms of endleſs Joy;
There all its Glories, all its Joys improve,
In Scenes of perfect Purity and Love.

On WILLIAM RADFORD, *Eſq*;

Good Nature, upright Heart, unbias'd Mind;
Religious, not auſtere, to others kind;
To Secrets faithful, virtuous without Pride,
Deportment gentle, Reſignation try'd.
Theſe, RADFORD! were thy Ornaments on Earth,
With ev'ry Virtue bleſs'd e'en from thy Birth;
Tho' cruel Death has ſnatch'd thy mortal Frame,
Thy Virtues live, as ever ſhall thy Fame.

On THOMAS APPLEWHAITE, *Eſq*; *Member of the Council of* Barbadoes, *who died* June *the* 4*th*, 1749.

When his immortal Part, by Heaven,
Was bid to drop the cumbr'ous clay,
Darkneſs to all around was given;
But to itſelf eternal Day.
Cou'd ev'ry ſocial Virtue met,
From ev'ry vicious Paſſion free,
Have paid Death, oh! that common Debt,
The Sons of ADAM owe to thee;
This Stone had not th' Inſcription worn,
Which calls the Reader's eye above,
Nor Thouſands left alas! to mourn
The Object of their grateful Love.

On JOHN *Duke of* Montague.

To honour'd Reſt, here *Montague*'s conſign'd,
Who, gen'rous, liv'd the Friend of Human Kind;
Who firmly trod through Life's diſtracting Maze,
Who ſought no Honours, but his Country's Praiſe;
Who ſcorn'd the Meanneſs of the venal Tribe,
By Gold unconquer'd, nor cou'd Grandeur bribe;
Whoſe Soul ſuperior, ſpurn'd the Farce of Show;
Who liv'd with Freedom, and who left no Foe!

Religion's

Religion's Friend, the Ornament of State,
Alike lamented by the Poor and Great;
The Great lament his rip'ned Glories fled,
The Poor lament him whom his Bounty fed;
Here Widows mourn, and helpleſs Orphans cry,
Here Sages ſadden, and here Virgins ſigh;
Here weep the Virtues, here the Graces mourn,
And pour their Incenſe round his ſacred Urn:
--- Ages to come ſhall emulate his Fame,
And ev'ry Virtue kindle at his Name:
The Muſe too ſeeks to dignify her Lays,
And live immortal, for ſhe ſings his Praiſe.

On Sir WATKYN WILLIAMS WYNNE, *Bt.*

Here lie the Remains of
The Illuſtrious
Sir WATKYN WILLIAMS WYNNE, Bart.
Who was killed, by a Fall from his Horſe,
Near his Seat of *Winſtay*,
September 1749.

In his public Character
He was reſolute and immoveable.

In his private Character,
He was generous and of exceeding good-nature:
He loved his Country with a Sincerity
Which ſeemed to diſtinguiſh him from all Mankind.

His Morals were untainted;
He had an utter Deteſtation to Vice.
His Manners, like his Countenance,
Were open and undiſguiſed;
He was affable by Nature,
He knew how to condeſcend without Meanneſs,
He was munificent without Oſtentation.

His Behaviour was ſo amiable
As never to create a Perſonal Enemy:
He was even honour'd where he was not beloved.

In domeſtic Life
He was the kindeſt Relation,
And the trueſt Friend:
His Houſe was a noble Scene of regular,
Yet almoſt boundleſs Hoſpitality:
His Piety towards his Creator was remarkable,
In his conſtant Attendance on the Service of the Church.

He revered Religion,
He reſpected the Clergy,
He feared God.

The Tenour of his Conduct
Was one continued Series of Virtue;
So prepared,
He had little Reaſon to be afraid of a ſudden Death:
Every Day of his Life was a Preparation for Heaven.
The Loſs of him will be
A laſting Calamity to his Country.

On General WILLIAM BARRELL.

Near this Place lie interred,
The Remains of
The Honourable WILLIAM BARRELL, Eſq;
Lieutenant-General of his Majeſty's Forces,
Governor of *Pendennis* Caſtle,
And Colonel of the King's own Regiment of Foot,
Which ſo bravely diſtinguiſh'd itſelf,
At the Battles of *Falkirk*, and *Culloden*.

He was deſcended from an antient Family in *Herefordſhire*;
Served his Country, with great Honour, upwards of Fifty Years;
And was engaged in moſt of the memorable Actions, And Sieges,
In *Flanders* and *Germany*,
During the whole Courſe of Queen ANN's Wars:
He died, the 8th of Auguſt, 1749, Æt. 78.

This Monument is erected to his Memory,
As a Teſtimony of his filial Piety, and Gratitude,
By his only Son, SAVAGE BARRELL, Eſq;

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On ANDREW MILLAR, *&c.*

(On an Obeliſk.)

Mindful of Death and of Life:
ANDREW MILLAR,
Of the *Strand*, *London*, Bookſeller,
Erected this, near the Dormitory,
Intended for himſelf and his beloved Wife
JANE MILLAR;
When it ſhall pleaſe Divine Providence
To call them hence:
As a Place of like Repoſe,
For other near Relations;
And in Memory of
The deceaſed Pledges of their mutual Love,
1751.

Sacred to the Remembrance of
ANDREW MILLAR,
The Joy, the laſting Grief,
Of thoſe,
Who dedicate this Monument.

Having ſhewn ſuch Goodneſs in this frail Life
As attracted the Love of all;
He was taken to a better
At *Scarborough*, July 30, 1750,
Aged Five Years and Six Months,
Interred here, Auguſt the 28th, following.

Reader!

Reader! if Pity ever touch'd thy Heart,
Let theſe ſad Lines a tender Thought impart;
Think with what Sorrow, we inſcribe this Stone,
That ſpeaks us Parents, and that ſpeaks us none.

ROBERT MILLAR, aged one Year, died 1736,
Interred not far from hence.
ELIZABETH MILLAR, of the ſame Age, died in 1740,
Buried in the Church-yard of *St. Clements, Danes.*

Innocent in their ſhort Lives,
And, therefore,
Happy in their Deaths;
Though loſt to their human,
They live
To their eternal Parent.

[*Chelſea, Burying-ground.*]

On WILLIAM ASHE, *Eſq;*

To the Memory of
WILLIAM ASHE, Eſq;
Lord of the Manor of *Heytſbury*,
And Member of Parliament for the *Borough*,
Who died Aug. 11, 1750,
Aged 36 Years.

In private Life,
He was Friendly and Sociable, Candid and Sincere,
Modeſt and free from Pride,
Honeſt, Good-natur'd, Charitable, and Humane.

As a Member of the Community,
A Lover of Liberty and his Country.

Theſe amiable Virtues, and good Qualities,
Made him greatly beloved by all that knew him,
And his Death juſtly and ſincerely lamented.

This Monument is erected,
With the tendereſt Senſe of Gratitude and Affection,
By his diſconſolate Relict,
The Hon. Mrs. KATHARINE ASHE,
Daughter of Lord HARRY POWLETT.

On GEORGE ARNOLD, *Eſq*;

Here lie the Remains of
GEORGE ARNOLD, Eſq; Alderman of *London*,
Who acquired an opulent Fortune,
With unſuſpected Integrity:
And enjoyed it
With Hoſpitality, Beneficence, Modeſty, and Eaſe.

Beſide the ſolid Worthineſs of his Character,
He had the Happineſs to poſſeſs

Such

Such a ſerene familiar Simplicity of Manners,
As would have made even a bad Man agreeable.

Party itſelf, from his honeſt Steadineſs to *his own*,
And the native Candour, and Moderation of his Mind,
Forebore its Rancour in Regard to him.

After a long Enjoyment
Of uninterrupted Health, Chearfulneſs, and Tranquility,
In the midſt of Buſineſs,
He died as eaſily as he had lived:
For, almoſt without any previous Indiſpoſition,
On the 23d of June 1751, the 60th Year of his Age,
After having, with his uſual domeſtic Eaſe,
Entertained a Society of his *Old Friends*,
He retired familiarly from the Feaſt of Life,
And paſſed gently, from this World, to a better.

To his dear Memory
This Tomb is erected, by his affectionate Relation,
JOHN SARGENT;
As a ſmall Teſtimony
Of the Gratitude, Eſteem, and Tenderneſs,
With which he Regards it.

[*Camberwell, Surry.*]

On

On Sir EDWARD, *Sir* ROBERT, *Sir* EDWARD, *and Sir* ROBERT ATKYNS.

To the Memory of

Sir EDWARD ATKYNS, One of the Barons of the *Exchequer*, in the Reigns of King CHARLES the Firſt and Second: He was a Perſon of ſuch Integrity, that he reſiſted the many Advantages, and Honours, offered him by the Chiefs of the *Grand Rebellion*. He departed this Life 1669, Aged 82. Of

Sir ROBERT ATKYNS, his eldeſt Son, created Knt. of the *Bath*, at the Cornonation of King CHARLES the 2d; afterwards Chief Baron of the *Exchequer* under King WILLIAM, and Speaker of the Houſe of Lords, in ſeveral Parliaments; which Places he filled with diſtinguiſhed Abilities, and Dignity, as his learned Writings abundantly prove. Died 1709, Aged 88 Years. Of

Sir EDWARD ATKYNS, his youngeſt Son, Lord Chief Baron of the *Exchequer*, which Office he diſcharged with Honour and Integrity, but retired upon the *Revolution* from public Buſineſs, to his Seat in *Norfolk*; where he was revered for his Piety to God, and Humanity to Men. He employed himſelf in reconciling Differences among his Neighbours; in which he obtained ſo great a Character, that few would refuſe the moſt difficult Cauſe to his Deciſion; and

and the moſt litigious would not appeal from it. He died 1698, Aged 68 Years. And of

Sir ROBERT ATKINS, eldeſt Son of Sir ROBERT, abovementioned, a Gentleman verſed in polite Literature, and in the Antiquities of this Country; of which his Hiſtory of *Glouceſterſhire*, is a Proof. He died 1711, Aged 65.

In Memory of his Anceſtors, who have ſo honourably preſided in the Courts of Juſtice, in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, EDWARD ATKYNS, Eſq; late of *Ketteringham*, in *Norfolk*; ſecond Son of the laſt named Sir EDWARD, cauſed this Monument to be erected. He died Jan. 20, 1750, Aged 79 Years.

[*Weſtminſter-Abbey.*]

On the Rev. Doctor JOHN PELLING.

JOHN PELLING, D.D.
Rector of *St. Anne*'s, *Weſtminſter*, 47 Years;
Buried there, April the 8th, 1750.

He was truly Pious,
Benevolent without worldly Views,
And liberal without Oſtentation.
His Charities were extenſive,
The Diſtribution of them ſecret:

By

By his Doctrine and Practice,
He promoted
Peace on Earth, and good Will towards Men.
By his Death,
The Church has loſt a valuable Ornament,
The Poor a daily Father;
To his Family and Friends, is left
A bright Example of Chriſtian Love and Goodneſs;
And, to all Mankind,
A plain and glorious Path to follow him.

On the Earl of Gainſborough.

Here lie the Remains of the Right Honourable
——— Earl of *Gainſborough*,
Who,
With all the Qualities, and Qualifications,
Requiſite to adorn and ſupport
A public Station;
With Knowledge, Eloquence, Virtue, and Honour,
Enjoy'd and ennobled
A Private one.

Generous to the Poor,
Kind to his Dependants,
And affable to all.

With Sincerity he lov'd his Friends,
Without Ambition he ſerved his County!
What he was --- how amiable,

As a Brother, Father, and Huſband,
With the deepeſt Sorrow is felt,
And will be remember'd,
But cannot be deſcribed.

On GILBERT WALMESLEY, *Eſq*;
Obiit Auguſt the 3d, 1751, *Ætat.* 69.

Reader! if Science, Honour, Reaſon, charm;
If ſocial Charities, thy Boſom warm:
If ſmiling Bounty, ope' thy Heart and Door,
And Juſtice ſtile thee --- Guardian of the Poor;
Firm to *Britannia's* Prince, and Church and Laws,
If Freedom Fire thee, in thy Country's Cauſe;
With ſympathetic Love, theſe relics ſee!
But think not WALMESLEY, dead -- he lives in thee.

But if, regardleſs of ſtrong Reaſon's Voice,
In Wine, and Noiſe, and Faction, thou rejoice;
If thou thy Faith and Liberties betray,
And barter Laws for arbitrary Sway;
If *Briton* born, thy Soul's a *Gallic* Slave,
Start from this Tomb he wou'd --- and call thee
"Fool and Knave!"

On

On JOHN HAY.

Sacred to the Memory of
JOHN HAY,
Third Son of GEORGE, Earl of *Kinnoull*,
A Miniſter of the Church of *England:*
Who, tho' he was of noble Birth, excellent Genius,
And eminent Erudition,
Retained Modeſty, and Simplicity,
And was a Votary to Virtue;
Not by ambitious Severity,
But by jocund and eaſy Innocence.

This was his natural Diſpoſition;
And having a rare Happineſs of Behaviour,
He acquired Eſteem, and avoided Obloquy.
Having patiently borne the Pains of a lingering Illneſs,
He at length departed full of Chriſtian Confidence;
But to the great Regret of his Friends.

Reader!
If among Monuments thou ſeekeſt more after Inſtruction
Than Pleaſure,
His many good Accompliſhments will not be uſeleſs
To thee.

He was born in 1719,
And after Five Years ſpent in *Weſtminſter* College,
Was entered Scholar of *Chriſt-Church, Oxon*;
Afterward, by Royal Favour, he was preſented to
The Rectorſhip of *Epworth*, in *Lincolnſhire*;
He departed this Life in 1751.

This

This Stone, to continue the Memory of their dear Brother,
Was here erected, by the Order of
THOMAS Viſcount *Duplin*,
And
ROBERT, Biſhop of *St. Aſaph*.

In a Country Churchyard.

The Maid, that owns this humble Stone,
Was ſcarce in yonder Hamlet known;
And yet her Sweets (but Heav'n deny'd)
Had grac'd the Cot where late ſhe dy'd.
Behold! how freſh the Verdure grows,
Where Peace and Innocence repoſe!

Thou, too, not unimprov'd, depart;
Go, guard, like her, the rural Heart;
Go, keep her graſs-grown Sod, in Mind,
'Till Death, the Foe, whom thou ſhalt find,
Bedew'd with many a ſimple Tear,
Shall lay thy Village Virtues here.

In

In a Country Churchyard.

By Mr. Gray.

Here reſts his Head, upon the Lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble Birth,
And, Melancholly, mark'd him for her own.

Large was his Bounty, and his Soul ſincere;
Heav'n did a Recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had--a Tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wiſh'd--a Friend.

No farther ſeek his Merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his Frailties from their drear Abode;
(Where they alike in trembling Hope repoſe)
The Boſom of his Father and his God.

On Henry, *Viſcount* Lonſdale.

The
Great Man,
Whoſe Character theſe Lines preſume but to ſketch,
And whoſe mortal Remains are here depoſited,
If conſider'd in
His Attachment to the Proteſtant Succeſſion,

His

His Love to the King,
And his Readineſs to co-operate with his Miniſters
Whenever he thought them in the Right,
Was a true Courtier.

But if we regard
His conſtant Adherence to the Intereſt of his Country,
His Contempt of Honours, and Advantage to himſelf,
And his ſteady Oppoſition to every Meaſure
Which he thought detrimental to the Public,
He was indeed a Patriot.

Belov'd by his Friends,
Reſpected even by his Enemies;
He was honoured, in the Senate, with Attention from Both:
Courted by all Parties,
Enliſted with none,
He preſerved, throughout his Life, a remarkable Independency.

Theſe public Virtues aroſe
From the Excellence of his private Diſpoſition,
From the univerſal Benevolence of his Heart,
From the Uprightneſs of his Intentions,
From his great Parts, and uncommon Penetration.

O Reader!
Can it be neceſſary to inform thee
Whoſe Character this is?
Alas!
To how few can it be apply'd, but
HENRY, Lord Viſcount *Lonſdale?*

On

On Mrs. FREE.

By Dr. Free.

In Beauty's Mould her lovely Form was caſt;
Sate Dignity, ſate Sweetneſs in her Look;
And Modeſty her ev'ry Action grac'd,
For Virtue taught each Leſſon in her Book.

Thus train'd betimes, in holy Paths ſhe trod,
Right-well perform'd each Duty in its Place;
Was tender Wife, was Parent fond and good,
And gentle-minded to all Human Race.

Yet not of ſuch a Pattern may we boaſt,
Or doat on ought that dwells beneath the Sky;
One Imperfection all this Merit croſs'd,
Sad Imperfection!---ſhe was born to die.

On a Young Lady that was forced to marry her neareſt Relation.

By Dr. Free.

With ev'ry Charm was CELIA grac'd,
The Gazer's Heart to move:
Her Perſon noble, Manners chaſte,
And gentle as a Dove.

But

But he, who bid her Eye with Senſe,
And well-meant Luſtre roll;
Did not thoſe proper Aids diſpenſe,
Which brighten-up the Soul.

Celia, in all her Charms array'd,
And Riches-----weds a Boor;
And is, in ſpite of Marriage, made,
By Inceſt, worſe than Whore.

On Paul Doddrige, *D. D.*

By Mr. Benjamin Sowden, *at* Rotterdam, *Feb.* 21, 1754.

Sublime of Genius! and with Science bleſs'd,
Of ev'ry brilliant Excellence poſſeſs'd;
Beyond the common Standard, Learn'd and Wiſe,
Of Conduct Artleſs, and above Diſguiſe:
In whom but Equals few, Superiors none,
The Friend, the Huſband, and the Father, ſhone!
Lov'd by the truly Virtuous and the Great,
And honour'd with the flaming Bigot's Hate;
A Tutor, form'd t' implant in yielding Youth,
And, into Fruit, mature the Seeds of Truth:
A Writer, elegant in manly Charms,
Who, like the Sun, enlightens while he warms;
A Paſtor, blending with divineſt Skill,
A Seraph's Knowledge, with a Seraph's Zeal:

Not

Not only taught Religion's Paths, but trod;
And, like illuſtrious ENOCH, walk'd with GOD.

DODDRIDGE! theſe rich Embelliſhments, combin'd,
Were thine --- but who can paint an Angel's Mind?
Heav'n ſaw thee ripe for Glory; and, in Love,
Remov'd thee hence, to grace the Realms above.

On Sir JOHN HYND COTTON, *Bart.*

Attic Wit, *Britiſh* Spirit, *Roman* Virtue,
Animated the Boſom of that great Man,
(Whoſe Remains are committed to this Tomb)
Sir JOHN HYND COTTON, Bart.
Whoſe lively Genius, and ſolid Underſtanding,
Were ſteadily devoted
To the Service of his Country.

As a *Britiſh* Senator,
Without any Views to venal Reward,
Above the Deſire of ill-got Power,
Untainted with the Itch of Tinſel Titles,
He lived, he died,
A Patriot!
Feb. 4. 1752.

On

On Sir JAMES SOOTY.

This unambitious Stone preſerves a Name,
To Friendſhip ſanctify'd, untouch'd by Fame;
A Son this rais'd, by holy Duty fir'd,
This ſung a Friend, by friendly Zeal inſpir'd:
No venal Falſhood ſtain'd the filial Tear,
Unbought, unaſk'd, the friendly Praiſe ſincere:
Both for a good Man weep, without Offence,
Who led his Days in Eaſe and Innocence.
His Tear 'roſe honeſt, honeſt 'roſe his Smile;
His Heart no Falſhood knew, his Tongue no Guile:
A ſimple Mind, with plain juſt Notions fraught,
Nor warp'd by Wit, nor by proud Science taught;
Nature's plain Light juſt rightly underſtood,
That never heſitates the Fair and Good----
Who view'd ſelf-ballanc'd, from his calm Retreat,
The Storms that vex the Buſy and the Great;
Unmingling in the Scene, whate'er befell,
Pity'd his ſuff'ring Kind, and wiſh'd 'em well;
Careleſs if Monarchs frown'd, or Stateſmen ſmil'd,
His purer Joy his Friend, his Wife, or Child.
Conſtant to act the hoſpitable Part,
Love in his Look, and Welcome in his Heart:
Such unpriz'd Bleſſings did his Life employ,
The ſocial Moment, the domeſtic Joy;
A Joy beneficent, warm, cordial, kind,
That leaves no Doubt, no Grudge, no Sting behind:
The Heart-born Rapture, that from Virtue ſprings,
The poor Man's Portion GOD with-held from Kings:

His Life, at decent Time, was bid to ceaſe,
Finiſh'd among his weeping Friends in Peace.
Go, Trav'ler! wiſh his Shade eternal Reſt:
Go, be the ſame; for this is to be bleſs'd.

Feb. 1752.

On Maſter NEWBERRY.

By Mr. Smart.

Henceforth, be ev'ry tender Tear ſuppreſt;
Or let us weep for Joy, that he is bleſt;
From Grief to Bliſs, from Earth to Heav'n remov'd,
His Mem'ry honour'd, as his Life belov'd.
That Heart, o'er which no Evil e'er had Pow'r!
That Diſpoſition, Sickneſs cou'd not ſour!
That Senſe, ſo oft to riper Years deny'd!
That Patience, Heroes might have own'd with Pride!
His painful Race undauntedly he ran,
And, on th' Eleventh Winter, dy'd a Man.

On a young Clergyman, at St. Peter's, *in the* Iſle of Thanet.

By Mr. Smart.

Was Rhet'ric on the Lips of Sorrow hung,
Or cou'd Affliction lend the Heart a Tongue,
Then ſhou'd my Soul, in noble Anguiſh free,
Do glorious Juſtice to her Grief and thee.
But, ah! when loaded with a Weight of Woe,
Ev'n Nature, bleſſed Nature, is our Foe.
When we wou'd praiſe, we ſympathetic groan,
For ſad Mortality is all our own.
Yet, but a Word, as lowly as he lies,
He ſpurns all Empires, and aſſerts the Skies.
Bluſh, Pow'r! he had no Int'reſt here below;
Bluſh, Malice! that he died without a Foe;
The univerſal Friend, ſo form'd t' engage,
Was far too precious for this World and Age.
Years were deny'd, for (ſuch his Worth and Truth)
Kind Heav'n has call'd him to eternal Youth.

On Henry, *Viſcount* Bolingbroke.

Here lies
HENRY ST. JOHN;
In the Reign of Queen Anne
Secretary of War, Secretary of State,
And Viſcount *Bolingbroke*.

In the Days of King GEORGE the 1ſt, and
King GEORGE 2d,
Something more and better.

His Attachment to Queen ANNE
Expoſed him to a long and ſevere Perſecution;
He bore it with Firmneſs of Mind.

He paſſed the latter Part of his Life at Home;
The Enemy of no national Party,
The Friend of no Faction.

Diſtinguiſhed under the Cloud of a Proſcription,
Which had not been entirely taken off,
By Zeal to maintain the Liberty,
And to reſtore the antient Proſperity
Of *Great-Britain*.

In the ſame Vault
Are interred the Remains of
MARY CLARA DAS CHAMPS DE MARSILLY,
Marchioneſs of *Villette*, and Viſcounteſs *Bolingbroke*,
Born of a noble Family,
Bred in the Court of LEWIS XIV.
She reflected a Luſtre on the former,
By the ſuperior Accompliſhments of her Mind;
She was an Ornament to the latter,
By the amiable Dignity and Grace of her Behaviour.
She lived
The Honour of her own Sex,
The Delight and Admiration of ours.
She died
An Object of Imitation to both;

With

With all the Firmneſs that Reaſon,
With all the Reſignation that Religion,
Can inſpire.

[*Batterſea, Surry.*]

On WILLIAM HISELAND.

Here lies WILLIAM HISELAND,
A Veteran, if ever Soldier was;
Who merited well a Penſion,
If long Service be a Merit:
Having ſerved upwards of the Days of Man;
Antient but not ſuperannuated,
Engaged in a Series of Wars,
Civil as well as Foreign,
Yet maimed or worn-out by neither.

His Complexion was Freſh and Florid,
His Health Hail and Hearty,
His Memory Exact and Ready.

In Stature
He exceeded the Military Size;
In Strength
He ſurpaſſed the Prime of Youth!
And,
What rendered his Age ſtill more Patriarchal,
When, above an Hundred Years Old,
He took unto him a Wife!

Read, Fellow-Soldiers, and reflect,
That there is a Spiritual Warfare,
As well as a Warfare Temporal.

Born the 1ſt of Auguſt, 1620,
Died the 17th of February, 1732,
Aged one Hundred and Twelve.

[*Chelſea-Hoſpital, Middleſex.*]

On CLAUDIUS PHILLIPS, *an excellent Muſician at* Bridgnorth, Salop; *who died very Poor.*

PHILLIPS, whoſe Touch, harmonious, cou'd remove
The Pangs of guilty Pow'r, and hapleſs Love,
Reſt here! diſtreſs'd, by Poverty, no more;
Here find that Calm thou gav'ſt ſo oft before:
Sleep, undiſturb'd, within this peaceful Shrine,
'Till Angels wake thee with a Note like thine.

On Lady HENRIETTA BEARD.

Sacred to the Remains of the Lady
HENRIETTA BEARD,
Only Daughter of JAMES, late Earl of *Waldegrave*.

In the Year 1734, ſhe was married to Lord
EDWARD HERBERT,
Second

Second Son to WILLIAM, Marquis of *Powis*;
By whom ſhe had Iſſue one Daughter,
BARBARA, now Counteſs of *Powis*.

On the 8th of Jan. 1738-9, ſhe became the Wife of
Mr. JOHN BEARD:
Who, during a happy Union of 14 Years,
Tenderly lov'd her Perſon, and admir'd her Virtues:
Who ſincerely feels, and laments his Loſs,
And muſt for-ever revere her Memory;
To which he conſecrates this Monument.

Ob. 31 May, 1753, Æt. 36.

[*Pancras, Middleſex.*]

On THOMAS TICKEL, *Eſq*;

By Dr. Clancy.

Read TICKEL's Name, and gently tread the Clay
Where lie his ſole Remains that could decay:
Then penſive ſigh, and through fair Science trace
His Mind, adorn'd with ev'ry pleaſing Grace.
Worth, ſuch as *Rome* wou'd have confeſs'd her own;
Wit, ſuch as *Athens* wou'd have proudly ſhewn.
Subſtance to Thought, and Weight to Fancy join'd;
A Judgment perfect, and a Taſte refin'd.
Admir'd by GAY, by ADDISON belov'd;
Eſteem'd by SWIFT, by POPE himſelf approv'd.

His Spirit, rais'd by that Sublime he knew,
Hence to the Seat of bright Perfection flew;
Leaving, to ſorrowful CLETILDA here,
A mourning Heart, and never-ceaſing Tear.

[*Glaſnevin, Ireland.*]

On Dr. JAMES FOSTER.

Here lie the Remains of
JAMES FOSTER, D. D.
Born at *Exeter* in *Devonſhire*, Sept. 16, 1697:
Early trained up to Academical Studies,
And prepared for the Sacred Work to which he
Devoted himſelf,
By diligent Reſearches into the Holy Scriptures;
And the Aſſiſtance they afford, as a Guide to
Natural Reaſon;
As alſo by ſerious Piety, elevated Thought,
Happy Facility in Compoſing, and Fluency of Expreſſion,
His Judgment in divine Things, not guided by
The Opinions of others,
Produced many Diſcourſes and Writings out of the
Common Way;
Some in Defence of the Chriſtian Religion,
But moſt in recommending Love towards
GOD and Men.

Notwithſtanding the Cenſures which fell upon him,
He was candid towards all whom he believed ſincere;
Beneficent

Beneficent to the Neglect of himſelf;
Agreeable and uſeful in Converſation,
And careful to avoid even the Appearance of Evil.

He began his Miniſtry, in the Weſt-Country,
Under great Diſcouragements;
Was ordained Paſtor, in July 1724, at
Barbican in *London*:—
And, after Twenty Years Service there,
Removed to *Pinners-Hall*, in the ſame City.

In December 1748, the Univerſity of
Aberdeen, in *Scotland*,
Conferred on him, unſought, the Degree of
Doctor in Divinity.

His Eloquence procured him many Hearers of different
Perſuaſions;
'Till at length, by his great Aſſiduity in Preaching
And Writing,
He ſunk into a Nervous Diſorder,
Which, increaſing upon him for Two or Three Years,
Put an End to his Life, Nov. 5, 1753,
In the Fifty-ſeventh Year of his Age.

[*Bunhill-Fields Burying-Ground.*]

On Sir EDMUND BACON, *Bart.*

By Richard Gardiner, *Eſq;*

EDMUNDUS BACON, Baronulus,
Ævi Flos & decus ſui.
A. M.———
Claruit.
Æt. A.———
Variolis correptus Occubuit.
Flevit Soror, optima Pulcherima,
De die in diem Amici
Extinctum plorant,
Flet Soror, Flent Amici,
At Mater O!———

See! Mortal, where yon hallow'd Tapers burn,
Another BACON bearing to his Urn;
Born with all Charms, and bleſs'd with ev'ry Art,
To win, to warm, to captivate the Heart.
The Joys of Virtue, all the Joys he knew,
Tho' brave, and fair, and gay, and young as you:
To ſooth Affliction, or to ſoften Pain,
He never ſpoke, nor never look'd in vain.
Love's ſweeteſt Smiles ſat blooming on his Brow,
Graceful in all he did, as thou art now:
Love's ſweeteſt Smiles, alas! too weak to ſave,
See! doom'd, like thee, and Victims to the Grave:
Yet ſhall he live, grim Tyrant, and defy
Thy Sting, O! Death; O! Grave, thy Victory.

Far

Far from the white-plum'd Hearſe *Aſtrea* fled;
The penſive *Graces*, weeping, hung the Head;
E'en *Envy* ſigh'd, as ſhe beheld the Bier,
And, from her Eye, burſt forth th' unwilling Tear.
O! *Friend*, for let me call thee by that Name,
What Verſe (O! ſay) can give thee all thy Fame?
Or to *Britannia*'s Sons his Virtues tell,
Who dy'd ſo lovely, and who liv'd ſo well?

On Baron SCHWANBERG.

Sacred to the Memory of
WILLIAM, Baron SCHWANBERG,
A Nobleman of *Mecklenburg* in *Germany*.

He early applied himſelf
To the noble Study of Chymiſtry:
He was truly Learned;
And, of his Ingenuity,
The following Inventions are
Glorious and laſting Proofs:

The Fever Powder;
The Liquid Shell,
A ſure and ſafe Diſſolvent of the Stone and Gravel;
And
The Aurum Horizontale Pill,
For curing the Scurvy and other Chronic Diſeaſes.

No Man had more Honour, Honeſty,
Or Integrity;

And his Humanity and Benevolence
Gain'd him the Love and Eſteem,
As his Learning excited the
Admiration of the World!
But a too arduous Application,
In ſtudying the Sciences,
Shortened his valuable Life.

O! Reader!
Thou, too, muſt lament this Loſs,
As thou art a Part of the Community.

He died Oct. 18, 1744, Æt. 58.

On RICHARD MEAD, *M. D.*

Here reſt the Remains
Of a truly learned, and truly great Man,
RICHARD MEAD, M. D.
A polite Scholar, a ſucceſsful Phyſician,
And a beneficent Patron.

His Knowledge untainted by Pedantry,
His Taſte without any Affectation,
His Ear impervious to Flattery,
His Soul ſuperior to Avarice.

He maintained the Honour of his Profeſſion ſteadily;
And rendered, by honeſt Arts,
Extenſive his Fame; his Merit more extenſive;
Both, ſuperior to Envy,

Without

Without the Aid of Marble, ſhall reſiſt the
Teeth of Time.

His gen'rous Mind, to lateſt Ages known,
From others Works; his Learning from his own.

On Dr. JOSEPH BUTLER, *late Lord Biſhop of* Durham.

Beneath this Marble, BUTLER lies entomb'd,
Who, with a Soul inflam'd by Love divine,
His Life, in Preſence of his GOD, conſum'd
Like the bright Lamps before the holy Shrine.

His Aſpect pleaſing, Mind with Learning fraught;
His Eloquence was like a Chain of Gold,
That the wild Paſſions of Mankind controul'd;
Merit, wherever to be found, he ſought.

Deſire of tranſient Riches he had none;
Theſe, he with bounteous Hand, did well diſpenſe,
Bent to fulfil the Ends of Providence;
His Heart ſtill fix'd on an immortal Crown.

His Heart a Mirrour was, of pureſt Kind,
Where the bright Image, of his Maker, ſhin'd;
Reflecting Faithful to the Throne above,
Th' irradiant Glories of the myſtic Dove.

On Mrs. ELIZABETH TOLLET.

Mrs. ELIZABETH TOLLET,
Daughter of GEORGE TOLLET, Eſq;
Commiſſioner of the Navy in the Reign of Queen ANNE,
Died the 1ſt of Feb. 1754, Aged 60,
And is buried under this Marble.

Religion, Juſtice, and Benevolence,
Appeared in all her Actions;
And her Poems, in various Languages,
Are adorn'd with extenſive Learning,
Applied to the beſt Purpoſes.

[*Weſtham, Eſſex.*]

On D'ABLANCOURT, *the* French *Tranſlator.* †

Here lies D'ABLANCOURT! that renowned Sage,
Whoſe Genius, like a Torch, illum'd his Age.
By him, in *French* Attire, each Claſſic ſhone;
He made all *Athens*, and all *Rome* our own.
'Tis hard to ſay——when his great Spirit fled,
Who loſt the moſt——the Living——or the Dead.

On

On Miſs ROSE, *Niece to* Hugh Roſe, *of* Kilravock, *in* Ireland, *Eſq;*

Here lies a ROSE, a budding ROSE,
Blaſted before its Bloom;
Whoſe Innocence did Sweets diſcloſe,
Beyond that Flow'r's Perfume.
To thoſe, who for her Loſs are griev'd,
This Conſolation's given;
She's from a World of Woe reliev'd,
And blooms a ROSE in Heaven.

On the Honourable AMEY CONSTABLE.

Here lieth all that was Mortal
Of the Hon. AMEY CONSTABLE,
The worthy Daughter of
HUGH, Lord CLIFFORD, of *Chudleigh*,
And the much-lamented Wife of
CUTHBERT CONSTABLE,
Of *Burton-Conſtable*, in *Holderneſs*, Eſq;
A Lady, who in the Flower of her Youth,
Employed all her whole Time, and Thoughts,
In the Care of her Soul,
The Chriſtian Education of her Children,
And an engaging Behaviour to her Huſband and Friends.

She was Agreeable without Art,
Chearful without Levity,

Grave

Grave without Affectation,
Witty without Cenſoriouſneſs,
Obliging to all without Flattery,
Patient and Couragious without Oſtentation:
An Enemy to nothing,
But what was Vicious or Baſe;
A Friend only
To Virtue and Truth.

She finiſhed her Courſe on the 25th of July, 1731,
And the 26th Year of her Age.

Her diſconſolate Huſband
Erected this Monument of her uncommon Merit,
And his irreparable Loſs.

[*Pancras, Middleſex.*]

On REBECCA WILLSHAW.

Here lies interred the Body of
Mrs. REBECCA WILLSHAW,
Wife of CLERKE WILLSHAW, of *Hemell-Hempſted*,
In the County of *Hertford*, M. D.
And Daughter of ISAAC HONYWOOD, late of
Hampſtead, in the County of *Middleſex*, Eſq; deceas'd.
She departed this Life, April 19. 1753.

Stranger! theſe dear Remains contain'd a Mind,
As Infants guileleſs, and as Angels kind;

Rip'ning

Rip'ning for Heav'n, by Pains and Suff'rings try'd,
To Pain ſuperior, and unknown to Pride.
Calm and ſerene beneath Affliction's Rod,
Becauſe ſhe gave her willing Hand to GOD:
Becauſe ſhe truſted in her Saviour's Pow'r;
Hence firm and fearleſs in the dying Hour!

No venal Muſe this faithful Picture draws:
Bleſs'd Saint! Deſert like thine extorts Applauſe.
Oh! let a weeping Friend diſcharge his Due,
His Debt to Worth, to Excellence, and You.

[*Bunhill-Fields Burying-Ground.*]

On Mrs. DUDLEY, *Wife to the Rev. Mr.* Dudley, *of* Woodbridge, *in* Barbadoes.

If the Rememb'rance of whate'er was dear,
Deſerves the pious Tribute of a Tear?
Beſtow it on the Duſt that ſleepeth here.
That precious Duſt, which, living, did comprize
The Fair, the Good, the Graceful, and the Wiſe;
Beſtow a Tear, nor think thy Sorrow loſt,
Another and another ſhou'd it coſt:
The real Worth of Virtue, ne'er is known,
'Till raviſh'd from before our Eyes, and gone.

On

On a young Lady, at Kinſale, *in* Ireland.

Beneath the Horrors of a Grave,
In promiſcuous Ruin lie,
The nobleſt Charms that Virtue gave,
With all that Nature cou'd ſupply:
Then, why, dread Tyrant, was it giv'n,
For thee to ſink ſuch Worth in Duſt?
Why? 'twas the great Command of Heav'n,
To pluck the faireſt Flower firſt.

On an Infant.

Beneath, a ſleeping Infant lies:
To Earth her Body's lent;
More glorious ſhe'll hereafter 'riſe,
Tho' not more Innocent.
When the Archangel's Trump ſhall blow,
And Souls to Bodies join,
Millions will wiſh their Lives, below,
Had been as ſhort as thine!

[*Wiſbech.*]

On the Rev. FERDINAND SHAW, *A. M. Paſtor of the Diſſenting Congregation, at* Derby, *Forty-ſix Years.*

Who died the 26th of January, 1745, in the 72d Year of his Age.

If native Worth, and Piety ſincere,
If ev'ry Chriſtian Virtue can endear;
If patient Suff'ring, more than common Pain,
A chearful Temper, and a Mind ſerene;
If Charity, not to a Sect confin'd,
But free and open to all Human Kind;
If univerſal Goodneſs, ſpotleſs Truth,
An honourable Age, and blameleſs Youth;
If theſe, from Death's relentleſs Stroke, cou'd ſave?
This Second ENOCH had eſcap'd the Grave!
Yet dead, his fair Example is not vain,
To Life he points——and thus he lives again;
Directs the Path, his ſteady Conduct trod,
The Path, which leads the Chriſtian to his GOD;
And gives this uſeful Leſſon from the Tomb,
"That he, who labours for the World to come,
"Like him, ſhall from his Toils victorious riſe,
"And reap a plenteous Harveſt in the Skies."

On

On Mr. THOMAS READ, *Son of the Rev. Mr.* Read, *of* Tenbury, *in* Worceſterſhire.

By the EDITOR.

When Vice, with ſyren Charms, corrupts the Age,
Enſnares the Youthful, and allures the Sage,
How great that Soul, who cou'd each Charm defy!
Too good to live! and, oh! too great to die!
Such were his Times, and ſuch, alas! was he,
A great Example for Poſterity.
If, where kind Nature, laviſh, yields her Part,
To pleaſe the Eye, and captivate the Heart,
Claims thy Attention, oh! the guſhing Tear,
Muſt dew the Turf of him that ſlumbers here.
So mild his Manners, ſo ſincere his Tongue!
So gayly Moral, and ſo ſagely Young!
So firm his Friendſhip, ſo compos'd a Mind!
Where ev'ry Grace, where ev'ry Charm combin'd;
To form th' amazing Whole!——O! gentle Shade,
Thy blooming Virtues, Time ſhall never fade.
This frail Relief accept, my Friendſhip pays;——
Thy Fame muſt live, when this poor Verſe decays.

On Mr. BENJAMIN TOLDERVY.

By the EDITOR.

To the Memory of
BENJAMIN TOLDERVY,
Who died in a Fever, June 25th, 1751,

In

In the 27th Year of his Age.

Reader! alas! here lies
(Believe the bold Truth)
An honeſt Man:
Which is ſaying much in theſe Days,
But Juſtice demands more!
In him,
Heaven joined
To an open, pleaſing, and winning Countenance;
A Heart,
Tender, Sincere, Generous, and Brave.
No Man had more Veneration for the
Divine Being;
Few were ſo reſpectfully Dutiful to
Natural Parents;
And his Friendſhips were
Diſintereſted, uſeful, and laſting.
Mirth, and Good-nature,
Were his conſtant Companions;
His Regard, for Truth, gave Tranquility to his Mind,
And Humanity left him, only
At the Period above-mentioned.

Come, tender *Friendſhip*, drop thy penſive Tear,
Let honeſt ſocial *Faith* that Tear attend;
O ſacred *Truth!* proclaim, with Sigh ſincere,
His Worth, which thus did prematurely end.
How hard the Taſk, his Virtues all to tell!
Or ſay, with Juſtice, all a Brother's Woe;
It were enough, the Youth, unſpotted fell;
For Great JEHOVAH ſaid, "I'll have it ſo."

On

On Mrs. SUSANNA KNIGHT.

By the EDITOR.

Here lie the Remains of
SUSANNA, Wife of THOMAS KNIGHT, of this Town,
And Daughter of JOSEPH and SUSANNA WINWOOD,
Of *London.*

She died in Child-Bed, the 24th Day of April, 1754.
Aged 19 Years, 11 Months, and 7 Days.

Mortals, behold! and tremble! at this Shrine,
Where perfect Beauty moulders into Duſt;
The late Companion of a Soul divine,
Whoſe Thoughts were pure, and ev'ry Action juſt.

Sweet Modeſty ſate ſmiling on her Cheek,
And Virtue's Dwelling was her peaceful Breaſt;
Where ſpotleſs Innocence, ſerenely Meek,
Attendant liv'd, and brighten'd-up the reſt.

But, ah! ſhe's gone; 'twas Heav'n's confirm'd Decree:
Remember, Matrons! what you owe to Heav'n;
Be thankful; O! be more, be good as ſhe;
And hope ſuch Payment which to her is giv'n.

[*St. Peter*'s, *Bedford.*]

The END.
MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

Town,
OOD,

754.

e,

juſt.

aſt;

ecree:
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'n.